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Biographical, Critical, and Miscellaneous Writings — The Editor and Others

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Editorial Note: The Editorial Committee and the Honorary Advisory Board regret to report that the greatly increased cost of printing has made it necessary for the University of Toronto Press to raise the subscription rate of the *Quarterly* for the first time in the life of the journal. The new rates are: $3.00 a year; $7.50 for three years. Students enrolled in any Canadian college or university may subscribe at one-half the above rates.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND W. E. GLADSTONE: SOME NEW LETTERS

W. H. G. Armytage

SEVERAL studies of Matthew Arnold published during the last ten years still accept the interpretation of his near contemporary Paul and regard Gladstone as Arnold's enemy. The President of Dalhousie University, delivering the Alexander Lectures at Toronto in 1938, spoke of Gladstone's "antipathy" to Arnold.[1] Even more surprising was the misrepresentation given to two of Arnold's letters by Sir Edmund K. Chambers, on the strength of which he thought that Gladstone should be numbered among Matthew Arnold's dislikes.[2] It is now possible, however, to publish the letters which were exchanged between the poet and the politician, and to point out that there was a background of sympathy and respect in the relations between the two men, which the bitternesses of 1885 and later have hitherto obscured.[3] These are not the only letters of Matthew Arnold which have been recently discovered,[4] but they are by far the most complete. For, thanks to the excellent system whereby Gladstone's outgoing letters while he was in office were faithfully transcribed into letter-books, we not only have Arnold's letters to him, but the replies as well.[5]

[1]Carleton Stanley, *Matthew Arnold* (Toronto, 1938), 101.

[2]Sir E. K. Chambers, *Matthew Arnold* (Oxford, 1947), 130. He inclines to think that the word "Gladstone" should be inserted for the dash which G. W. E. Russell (*Letters of Matthew Arnold* (London, 1895), I, 355) has in his version of a letter written by Matthew Arnold to his mother from the Athenaeum on April 8, 1867. The Russell text runs: "I can understand the mortification of the Liberals at seeing Reform taken out of their hands, but I do not pity them, as not twenty on their side were sincere about it. William [Forster, his brother-in-law] was certainly one of those twenty. About —— I do not sympathise with you in the least. Respect is the very last feeling he excites in me; he has too little solidity and composure of character or mind for that. He is brilliantly clever, of course, and he is honest enough, but he is passionate and in no way great, as I think." The second letter which I think is obviously misread was written by Arnold to his sister on February 19, 1876 (*ibid.*, II, 126) and runs: "I send you the note about Gladstone—it may burn. But it is a great and solid satisfaction, at fifty, to find one's work, the fruit of so many years of isolated reflection and labour, getting recognition amongst those whose judgment passes for the most valuable." Sir E. K. Chambers sees in the words "it may burn" some feeling of antipathy, which I don't think is justified since four months later he wrote again "I send you some letters which may burn, all except Sarazin's, which you must return" (*ibid.*, II, 130).

[3]The polemic quality of Arnold's later work is well brought out by Professor Robbins in the *University of Toronto Quarterly*, XVII, 1947, 63. In this respect he was perhaps influenced by his brother-in-law, W. E. Forster, who had resigned from Gladstone's government in 1882.

[4]See *Review of English Studies*, XXIII, 1947, 355-7 for his letters to A. J. Mundella, Forster's successor at the Education Office as a Liberal minister. They are in the library of the University of Sheffield.

[5]The Gladstone Papers were fully indexed in the British Museum by 1944. Mr. Tilney Basset, whose life has been devoted to cataloguing and sorting them, has compiled a MSS index, Add MSS 44835b. The letters of Arnold, also in the British Museum, are in ten packets of miscellaneous correspondence numbered respectively Add MSS 44392 (f. 109); 44395 (f. 174); 44403 (f. 107); 44412 (ff. 226 and 237); 44419 (f. 281); 44427 (ff. 3 and 19); 44470 (f. 182); 44471 (f. 284); 44475 (f. 5); and 44485 (f. 312), numbering twelve letters in all. Gladstone's letters to Arnold are in letter-books Add MSS 44531; 44532; 44534; 44536; 44538; 44544; 44545; 44546; and 44547, to all of which there is a manuscript index at the end of each volume.

The first evidence of their literary contact is Gladstone's letter to Arnold, approving of *England and the Italian Question*. Arnold, on a few days' leave from his first educational mission to France, replied from 1 Wellesley Terrace, Dover on August 5, 1859:

I am only here for a few days before I return to France where I am engaged for the Education Commission in enquiring into the working of the French Law of public instruction—for these few days my friends do not know my address and I see no newspapers—you must allow me to tell you what sincere pleasure, being thus cut off from general communication, I have received from your most kind note which Longmans forwarded to me this morning. It is an honour to be read by you—a still greater honour to be read by you with sympathy—the greatest honour of all to be read by you with sympathy when one writes of Italy, for which you yourself, by what you have written, have done so much.

In the last few months I have visited nearly every part of France and seen all classes of society from Archbishops and Prefects to village schoolmasters and peasants—indeed, it was this alone which gave me any right to trouble the public on the Italian Question. With respect to public opinion and the course of events in France I think what is said in the pamphlet is based on solid experience and may be relied on; the rest of the pamphlet must stand on its own merits. Lord Cowley told me the other day, after my pamphlet was finished, that the Emperor had said to him "Every man has his idea which haunts him all his life long; mine is to do something for Italy—and I shall probably go to my grave without doing it."

your faithful and obliged servant,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.[6]

Two years later, they chimed together on the question of translating Homer.[7] Arnold, as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, had delivered three lectures, which were published in that same year 1861, *On Translating Homer*. Gladstone wrote to him on February 11:

I have found it difficult to thank you for your lectures on translating Homer; for though this thanks may be both easy and sincere, it is not easy for me at least, either to say all that your book suggests, or to say properly a part only.

It seems to me clear however that you have rendered a very great service to the cause. In all your general canons, and in all, or nearly all your particular criticisms, I think you command (such as it is) my assent.

When asked to believe that Homer can, or at any rate at the present day with present means, be rendered into English Hexameters, I stop short, and am sure you will admit this is a conclusion not to be hastily embraced by others, however well entitled you may be to propound it. The accuracy of

[6]Add MSS 44392, f. 109.

[7]Gladstone's addiction to Homer was proverbial, and when he laid down the leadership of the Liberal party he wrote in his diary (March 30, 1875): "there is much to be done with the pen, for even Homeric study, as I view it, is in this very sense of high importance; and what lies beyond this is concerned directly with the great subject of belief." He was proud of having done something to scout the notion that Homer was an Asiatic Greek.

Voss[8] is I take it perfect; but had I to invent a substitute for some of the worst punishments of the Inquisition, I should say read Voss through from end to end. You say, and I doubt not with truth, that another element in our language will give great help. But on the other hand I think it so to speak much less hexametrical than the German.

Pray remember my breakfasts on Thursday at ten after Easter and then let us press the subject which you have handled so admirably.[9]

Arnold was touched by Gladstone's tribute and replied on February 21:

I must not let your kind and interesting letter pass without a word of thanks. It was impossible not to send a book on Homer to one who has done so much to combat a false hypothesis about him—but I assure you I had no notion that at such a time as the present you would find leisure to read what I had written, still less that you would find time to do me the honour of writing to me about it.

I attach very little importance to my own hexameters, and have no design in attempting to translate Homer in that or any other measure. Still, I confess I want to see the hexameter thoroughly tried—and though I quite agree with you in disliking Voss, I am unwilling to believe that there is not a crispness and lightness in English words, if well chosen, that might save English hexameters from being as lumbering as Voss's. For instance, so rapid a word as invincible—to take that single word and no more, it seems to me that the whole German language does not contain.

I shall most gladly avail myself of your kind invitation after Easter, if I am in town. Meantime, you must allow me to intrude upon you yet once more, by sending you a book on the Popular Education of France, which I am going to publish in a few weeks.[10] Pray do not think of troubling yourself to acknowledge it—but if you could find time to give a glance at the introduction, and at one or two of the later chapters, I should be very glad.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

your faithful and obliged servant,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.[11]

The following year Arnold gave a final lecture on Homer at Oxford. This was subsequently republished as *On Translating Homer: Some Last Words,* which was also sent to Gladstone. He replied on April 1, 1862: "I have to thank you again for your invaluable 'last words,' and to say I hope you will some Thursday morning after Easter, allow me the pleasure of making more detailed acknowledgements in person."[12]

The contact now firm, Arnold tried to obtain Gladstone's help for his favourite scheme, the promotion of middle-class education by the state. He therefore sent his *French Eton, or Middle Class Education and the State* to Gladstone on June 10, 1864:

[8]J. H. Voss (1751-1826) who translated the *Odyssey* (1781) and *Iliad* (1793) into German. He was one of the leading figures in the famous *Dichterbund.*

[9]Add MSS 44531, p. 118. Gladstone seemed to enjoy this Victorian habit of serious discussion over formal breakfasts at 10 in the morning.

[10]Published as *The Popular Education of France, with notices of that of Holland and Switzerland* (1861).

[11]Add MSS 44395, f. 174.

[12]Add MSS 44532, p. 229. Once more the breakfast invitation!

Allow one of your constituents, to whose productions you have more than once shown kindness, to send you a little spray upon a subject for which no-one can do so much as yourself—Middle Class Education. I am afraid I must hope to interest you in what I have urged rather as member for the University than as Chancellor of the Exchequer; and yet in all these questions which concern the future we can none of us help turning with hope to you, in whatever capacity. I have noticed what from time to time you have said against State interference; but even though it may be true that the perfect end to reach at last is that individuals should do all things well and rightly for themselves, I cannot but think that before reaching that end, and in order that we may reach it, we in this country shall have to use the State's help much more freely than we have hitherto done. At all events I should esteem it a great favour if you would give your kind consideration, at some moment of leisure, to what I have pleaded to this effort.

I may add that in a now twelve years acquaintance with British Schools all over the country and with their promoters, I have perhaps had more than common opportunities for studying the English Middle Class and particularly one of its strongest and most characteristic parts—the Protestant Dissenters; this and the reflections such a study irresistably awakened is my excuse for touching a subject which is certainly social and political rather than literary.

Believe me to remain, my dear Sir, with great respect,

your faithful and obliged servant,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.[13]

On the reverse of this letter, Gladstone wrote an instruction to his secretary: "Thank Mr. Arnold. Ask him if he will breakfast with me, announcing himself for next Thursday morning at 10, and so let me thank him more at large." Evidently Arnold found it once more impossible to accept the offered invitation, so Gladstone wrote on June 20: "I am sorry to have no prospect of seeing you, but this being so I cannot deny myself of writing a single line [*sic*] to assure you that I have read with much interest and pleasure your remarkable work on middle class education."[14]

Arnold turned from wooing Gladstone's regard for his political views to open canvassing for a post as Librarian to the House of Commons, and on Good Friday, 1867 he wrote from 2 Chester Square:

Mr Bruce encouraged me to call upon you today to make a request, and finding you out of town, I venture to write to you. The office of Librarian to the House of Commons is vacant and it is now announced that the Speaker's brother, Mr. Alfred Denison, is not, as was at first reported, going to have it. I have ventured to apply for it, and several members of the House of Commons, of both parties, have kindly undertaken to recommend my application to the Speaker; but I need not say of what inestimable value your recommendation would be, and how highly honoured and obliged I should feel if you felt yourself able to bestow it on me.

Having been for five years the late Lord Lansdowne's private secretary,

[13]Add MSS 44403, f. 107. Written at the Athenaeum.
[14]Add MSS 44534, p. 93.

sixteen years a school inspector, and twice sent on the continent on missions connected with education, I have had more experience of business than usually falls to the lot of a literary man, and I have all my life had much interest in Parliamentary history and antiquities; so that I have, perhaps, more of the aptitudes and information required for the post of Librarian to the House of Commons than might at first be expected from a Professor (who is very soon going to be an ex-Professor) of Poetry.

I hope you will at any rate forgive me for thus troubling you, and believe me with great respect, Dear Sir, most faithfully yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.[15]

Gladstone's reply is not recorded, but it evidently pleased Arnold so much that he replied three days later, on April 23:

I have just returned from a long day's inspecting and found your most kind letter. My today's work is the work of most days of my year, and is certainly more fatiguing, if not more irksome, than any labour of hunting out statistics for members of the House of Commons could be. And it leaves me far less of the year at my disposal than that would. Both as Lord Lansdowne's private secretary in former days, and as a school inspector for the last fifteen years, I have acquired such a habit of having to occupy myself with returns and dry details, that perhaps the ordinary dismay and bewilderment of a man of letters under them would hardly be mine.

Certainly I will give myself the honour and pleasure of offering myself some day to breakfast with you in the course of the next six weeks if only to thank you for having found time to give so much consideration to my request at a time when you must have so many and such anxious matters to think about.

Believe me, my dear Sir, with great sincerity,

your faithful and obliged,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.[16]

This, like the application of a year before to be made a Commissioner under the Endowed Schools Act, was unsuccessful. John Morley, a contemporary of both Arnold and Gladstone, and biographer of the latter, declared that there was no good reason to suppose that Mr. Gladstone meddled either way.[17] Arnold's disappointment however was not as great as might be supposed, for he wrote to his mother at this time, before the result of his application was known: "I do not myself think the speaker will give it to me, and I do not much care whether he does or not, for I do not thoroughly fancy the place; however Flu would like it, and that is a great thing."[18]

[15]Add MSS 44412, f. 226.
[16]Add MSS 44412, f. 237.
[17]John Morley, *Life of Gladstone* (London, 1908), II, 111.
[18]Letter dated April 25, 1867 from Stowmarket in *Letters of Matthew Arnold*, I, 359. He had no hope of the charity commissionership when he wrote on June 5, 1869 (*ibid.*, II, 9). At this time his brother-in-law was Vice President of the Council, and to award Matthew Arnold a charity commissionership would be inviting attacks from the Conservatives on the grounds of nepotism. This was realized at the time, especially by Forster, who wrote to Lord Ripon (Lord President of the Council) on March 24, 1869 pointing this out (British Museum, Ripon Papers, Add MSS 43251).

His real vocation, inspection of his country's defects, was shown two years later with the publication of *Culture and Anarchy*. Forwarding it to Gladstone on Good Friday, 1869 he wrote:

Do not trouble yourself to acknowledge a volume of essays which I have sent you for the sake of a passage about Presbyterianism in the Church of England—a matter of which we were speaking when I had the pleasure of meeting you at Latimer the other day. The passage is at p. xxxv of the Preface. I am afraid you will find in the preface one or two impertinences about the Liberal Policy towards the Irish Church, but they were written while I was a daily witness of the confident hope of the Protestant Nonconformists to settle matters with the Irish Church all their own way. As you have settled them, on the other hand, the Irish Episcopalians have a status and a public character left to them which may well satisfy those who hate unjust ascendancy, but who value, as my father so much valued, that which is really salutary in establishment. For fifteen years I have seen Protestant Dissenters close, from inspecting their schools; and have more and more observed that their real need is not more voluntaryism and separation for their religious organisations, but a larger existence and more sense of public responsibility. When I observe this, I am reminded of my father and of his Church and State notions, which caused him to be so deeply interested and attracted by your book many years ago,[19] wide as was his disagreement with you upon many points.

Pray forgive my troubling you with this long note, which was begun to save you from writing one, and believe me, dear Sir,

sincerely yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.[20]

Gladstone's reply, written from Wilton on March 30, four days after Arnold's letter, was gracious:

I thank you very much for your kindness in sending me your book. If the body of it is as interesting as the preface, I shall read it with much avidity. The questions which you handle in the preface are of a constantly growing importance. But I am one of those who think that when we pass away from the present Church Estates, they will be succeeded, not by a new fashion of the like species but by what is termed the voluntary system. I can contemplate this result without great uneasiness, not because I think it absolutely good, but because it may be the best and safer of the alternatives before us, as the most likely to keep in a state of freshness the heart and conscience of man. Of the narrowness which you ascribe to the Nonconformists, I find the root not the absence of State influence, but in what I may call immunisation[21] of the past, or incapacity, from whatever source, to claim and appropriate our full share of our heritage.

I have always thought it one of the great blanks of my life not to have known Dr. Arnold. He was very kind about it, but my work, like his, was hard and I little anticipated how soon the door was to be closed against me. Pray remember the breakfasts.[22]

[19] *The Church in Its Relation to the State*, published December, 1838.
[20] Add MSS 44419, f. 281.
[21] A variant reading for "immunisation" has been inserted in the margin: "veneration," which seems unlikely.
[22] Add MSS 44536 f. 273.

This interest prompted Arnold to send Gladstone a copy of *St. Paul and Protestantism,* which, published in 1870, ran into two editions in one year. He wrote from Harrow on June 4 that year:

You were kind enough to express interest in reading a former preface of mine; I trouble you now with a little book the preface to which, and the introductory essay following, I should be glad if you could find half an hour in the Whitsun holidays to read. The preface treats of the effort which political dissent has upon practical religion; the introduction is an attempt to show historically—what has not I think been before shown, and seems to me incontestably true—that Dissent has been due, not to Church persecution only, as it is commonly said and believed, but yet more to the Church's refusal to make more narrow and exact her definitions of doctrine on the points of original sin, election, justification. I believe that the church has in this way been extremely favourable to the development of thought and philosophy in connection with religion; while the triumph of Puritanism, by checking this development, would have tended to discredit religion itself.

I hope you will let me say with what pleasure, having this conviction of the services rendered by the Church not only as a religious power but as an agent of progress and thought, I read your speech the other day on the question of disestablishment in Wales.[23]

Believe me, my dear Sir,

very faithfully yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Gladstone blossomed into reply under this gentle approbation:

I am great [*sic*] obliged by the present of your work which I shall read with partr. interest.

I cordially agree in what you appear to describe as your main *thesis.* Indeed, I was upon ground not far apart from it in a book published more than thirty years ago. I admitted that the Church of England was politically intolerant, and accounted for it by special reference to the circumstances of its reformation. Hooker's organisation I think in those times tended towards intolerance. But I maintained that theologically the Church of England was the most tolerant religious body of that age. And all this I still think is sound. I am in hope it will not appear to you much otherwise.

I remember making a very weighty list of the notable men preferred by Archbishop Laud, with whom he did not agree. Among these were Hall, Hales, and Chillingworth. There are others, perhaps, including the very curious case of Goodman, the Bishop of Gloucester. Could I prevail upon you to breakfast with me on Thursday morning at 10? May I say the 16th? or any other (except 23rd) which might suit you better.[24]

From Harrow came Arnold's reply by return of post:

I need not say that it would give me great pleasure to breakfast with you on the 16th or on any other Thursday if it were possible; but I am inspecting

[23]Add MSS 44427, f. 3.

[24]Add MSS 44538, p. 321. The letter is dated June 7, 1870, three days after Arnold had written his.

schools daily at this time of the year, and ten o'clock is the very moment when the operations of school inspecting commence.

Of Laud's good bestowal of his patronage I did not know, and am much interested to hear of it. I have always thought what Hume says of Laud most important, coming from a man of Hume's clear and calm mind, that "his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period." He means, I imagine, that Laud in his conviction that beauty and order of external service are a help to religion and had been too much neglected after the reformation, had hold of a real truth, though he applied it often imprudently and unwisely; the Puritans, in their tenets of a Biblical Church Order, and of reprobation, imputed righteousness, and so on, had hold of no real truths at all, but of fierce and confused tangles.

The bad thing for the Church has been that she has not been on the side of civil liberty; this the lay historians cannot and will not forgive her. But a philosopher will see that this conduct in the Church has by no means arisen from mere baseness and servility, as is commonly said, but from her really attending so much to the New Testament which on the whole dissuades utterly from political agitation, without which, it seems, civil liberty cannot well be had. This may show that the conduct of human affairs needs a supplementing of religion by something besides, a taking another order of wants and ideas into account, along with men's religious wants and ideas; but it does not show that a body specially charged with serving men's religious wants and ideas did wrong in not mixing other things up with them. Certainly the Puritans, who were impelled to try the mixture and get civil liberty by and through the Bible, made a mess of it, and, in my opinion, make a mess of it still.

Believe me, my dear Sir,
very faithfully yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.[25]

At this juncture a twelve years' gap appears in the correspondence. We know that Arnold received a letter from Gladstone, for he sent it to his sister, but because Gladstone was not in office, there is no trace of it in the letter-book, and the original was burnt. They met at dinner in 1877 and again in 1881, by which time Gladstone had emerged from his retirement. In the identical year 1881 we find Matthew Arnold again writing to Gladstone, enclosing his edition of Byron. In a letter addressed from the Westminster Training College on July 6, 1881 he presses the claims of an Irish poet for a civil list pension:

I was going to send you a volume on Irish matters which I have just collected from Burke, but finding that Mr. Macmillan himself had sent this to you, I have ventured to send you on my own part a little volume which I have made up from Byron. I am not sure that it may not be a more acceptable present than the Burke, for of Irish matters you have only too much, and a book of poetry may be a relief to you—especially of poetry by a personage who is such an endless source of interest as Byron—in spite of his faults, and partly indeed, by reason of his faults, must always be.

[25]Add MSS 44427, f. 19.

Now that I am writing to you about this great poet, let me put in a word about a very small one about whom Lord Carlingford[26] has, I know, spoken to you—a poor Irishman called O'Conor. He has a small vein, but it is a genuine one; among scores of books of score [*sic*] that are sent to me, I felt the presence in his, of this vein, and so, I know, did Mr Tennyson and Archbishop Trench. The writer has really lived by the work of his hands and educated himself as he could. His character is trustworthy, but he is in dreadful health and has a family depending on him. A very small pension would be to him a very great boon, and I honestly think him a deserving object for it.

Pray do not regard this note as an intrusion, and believe me, dear Mr. Gladstone,

sincerely yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.[27]

Two days later came the reply:

The volume which Macmillan has sent me has only reached me simultaneously with the later volume which I owe to your kindness.

The interests of a book of extracts from Byron, such as you with sympathetic insight are sure to have made, can well bear any competition. Yet Burke must always be a real competitor. Even when he is (I think) largely wrong, as on the French Revolution, he does not lose his charm. Being as he is on other political subjects splendidly right, the brilliancy of this genius shines out without a cloud, and no surfeit or nausea of Irish business in the House of Commons can ever mar the pleasure with which I ever recur to Burke's writings upon Ireland.

But I hope that no long term will elapse before I am in a condition to appreciate by actual experience, both these most acceptable presents.

I thank you for affording me valuable testimony to the merits of Mr. O'Conor. The time of year has just now arrived, when the fund for the year becomes available and I hope soon to be able to consider the several and commonly numerous claims upon its limited amount.[28]

This letter reached Arnold in Ireland, where he was staying with W. E. Forster, his brother-in-law, at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, and he wrote from "this fascinating but troublesome country" to say how much the Forsters were going through.[29]

Apart from Arnold's last attempt to interest Gladstone in a new theory of copyright, in a letter which Morley has quoted,[30] there were two more exchanges between Gladstone and Arnold. The first was when Arnold returned from America, and forwarded a friendly speech of George Bancroft, the American historian:

[26]Lord Carlingford, as Lord President of the Council, was Arnold's chief, since he nominally controlled the Education department. But he was a weak person, and relied mainly on his wife for his political advancement. He lived in Horace Walpole's old house at Strawberry Hill.

[27]Add MSS 44470, f. 182,

[28]Add MSS 44544, p. 383.

[29]Add MSS 44471, f. 284.

[30]Arnold held that an English author ought to have copyright of his work for a longer time than the law then allowed. Morley, *Life of Gladstone*, II, 111.

You may like to see how warmly Mr. Bancroft, at 84, feels towards you, and what he says of his nation is interesting too, so I send you a letter which I had from him as I was leaving Washington.

I think there is truth in what he says of the American people, but there is another side also, and a less favourable one. However, I met at dinner at Mr. Bancroft's four or five members of the Senate, who for manners, mind, and information might rank with politicians of the best class anywhere. I wish you could have seen them, two of them particularly, Bayard of Delaware and Gibson of Louisiana.[31]

But I must not take up your time further than to add how sorry I am to hear of your being indisposed, and how much I hope that this odious North Wind may soon depart, and suffer you to get well.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.[32]

The second preceded Arnold's visit to America, but forms a fitting close to this paper, for on August 8, 1883 Gladstone offered him a pension "as a public recognition of service to the poetry and literature of England." Arnold hastened to ask John Morley his opinion, so that he could send an answer as soon as possible.[33] The offer was accepted.

There is nothing in this correspondence of twenty-five years to suggest aversion or antipathy. That was to come later, when, in 1886, Gladstone succeeded in ranging nearly all the professional men of England against him on the question of Home Rule. Then Arnold wrote with the bitter invective which marked the *Nadir of Liberalism*,[34] and categorically declared that unless Mr. Gladstone were defeated "the thing" would be over, for, as Arnold wrote: "He had brought England to the verge of the political precipice." This later feeling was confined to Arnold's last two years, and might well have been occasioned by the experience and influence of his brother-in-law, W. E. Forster, who had died in 1886 after a rift with Gladstone over the question of Ireland. But it is useless making such a hypothesis until the letters of William Forster are open for examination, and at present there is no possibility in sight.

[31]T. F. Bayard (1828-98) was a strong opponent of the reconstruction policies of the Radicals because they involved undue centralization of federal power. He was a candidate for presidential nomination in this year (1884), and became the first envoy to Great Britain accredited with ambassadorial rank nine years later. R. L. Gibson (1832-92) had been elected to the Senate two years earlier; he was the chief agent in the foundation of the Tulane University of Louisiana, and was the first President of its Board of Administration.

[32]Add MSS 44485, f. 312. This letter was written from Cobham on March 26, 1884.

[33]Gladstone's offer is in Add MSS 44436, p. 291; the letter to Morley is in *Letters of Matthew Arnold*, II, 216.

[34]*Nineteenth Century*, May, 1886, 645-63.

THE TRAGIC HERO AND CHAPMAN'S *BUSSY D'AMBOIS*

WILLIAM G. MCCOLLOM

IN seeking to describe and delimit the nature of the tragic hero, Aristotle made an admirable beginning. The hero, he said, must be neither so bad that we accept his fall with indifference nor so good that we recoil from his fate with a sense of gross injustice. The hero was to be not only eminent socially but in general a superior person; for Aristotle held that tragedy pictures men as better than in actual life. Although we no longer think social distinction necessary to the tragic hero, we have to recognize that he should be, in a wide ethical sense, considerably above average. If the twentieth century is the century of the common man, it is not the tragic century, unless the commonness of this man be taken to mean his broad and deep humanity, his essential equality with uncommon men.

We could wish that a good deal more of Aristotle's thinking on this subject had been preserved; for the summary given us in the *Poetics* does not take us very far. The tragic dramatist does not solve his problem merely by making his hero a man somewhat above average; nor is it sufficient that the hero fall through "some error or frailty." To arouse extreme emotion, he must be one whose temperament drives him to extremes of thought, feeling, and action. But these extremes may make him too "good" or too "bad" unless they are balanced by opposing qualities. These qualities, whether flaws or not, are in each case determined by the qualities that, aesthetically speaking, necessitate them. There will thus be a tension between the good and the evil traits in the hero, but the selection of these traits cannot be fortuitous. We retain our sympathy for Macbeth not because, alongside his fault of ambition, he has the virtue of marital fidelity or even good soldiership but because the evil in his nature actually stimulates the development of his sensitiveness and reflectiveness—in short, his humanity. It is not merely that he feels remorse for his sin but that, because of his particular temperament, his wrongdoing becomes for him an exploration of an area of ethical reality—an exploration from which he will return with new and terrible knowledge.

We are saying, then, that the evil qualities in the hero should stimulate the emergence of the good. We do not say that the evil, looked at from the tragic point of view, *is* the good or that the evil is merely an aspect of the good. Moral relativism has yet to produce a great tragedy. But although the tragic dramatist cannot be said to sympathize with evil, he may seek to arouse pity and fear at the hero's wasteful "expense of spirit," to borrow a phrase from a Shakespearean sonnet which expresses very well the tragic attitude.

If the dramatist's purpose is primarily aesthetic, his choice of ethical qualities for the hero will be governed by their influence on the tragic effect

of the play. The tragic strategy may demand that the hero be given characteristics that would destroy our sympathy for a living man. To this extent, but to this extent only, the writer is justified in adapting to his aesthetic purpose the moral order recognized by his audience. After giving his hero these traits, he is forced to make a compensatory adaptation which will reestablish the moral substance within the aesthetic form. Several kinds of adaptation may be noted here. The writer of homiletic tragedy, for example, will make the morally acceptable but aesthetically dubious decision to subject his hero to the punishment of society. This solution usually fails because of our sense that the interposition of society is irrelevant to the tragic depiction of man in relation to the moral order of the world. The great tragic writer may adopt a somewhat different solution: he may have the hero punish himself, as Othello does, or at least reach a recognition of the nature of his error. By a yet different adjustment the writer may suggest that in departing from the "true" moral order, the hero has followed a set of principles which have a strong emotional appeal and are not without a rational coherence. The audience will then be torn between sympathy and adverse criticism. This last method is perhaps the most difficult of the three because it may easily turn the moral order into chaos.

In the Elizabethan period, the typical tragic dramatist often fell into moral preachment or moral confusion. Under the spell of the strong man, many a playwright made the error of implying that unrestrained self-assertion is a good in itself. The conqueror-plays influenced by Marlowe were either too naïve in their insistence upon the necessary relation between sin and punishment or too crude in their glorification of ruthless egotism. Marlowe was probably making a covert attack on accepted moral codes; most of his imitators had little understanding of the aesthetic and ethical problems at stake. But one of Marlowe's followers, George Chapman, understood the matter at least as well as did his teacher.

In *Bussy D'Ambois* Chapman risked the ambiguities of the conqueror-play; and though he avoided the error of idolizing the ruthless hero—the Tamburlaine, the Selimus, the Muly Mahamet—he failed to establish that precise relation between good and evil which marks the great tragedy. He chose as his central character a man with a tremendous, aggressive will that brings him into conflict with everyone questioning his conduct. Bussy is in part the Marlovian superman transferred from the battlefield to the court. One can well apply to him Robert Naunton's description of the Earl of Essex: like Essex, Bussy is "too bold an engrosser both of fame and honor," and as Elizabeth "swore by God's death, it was fit someone or other should take [Essex] down,"[1] so Bussy's patron vows:

> . . . as this doting hand,
> Even out of earth, like Juno, struck this giant,

[1]Robert Naunton, *Fragmenta Regalia,* in *The Portable Elizabethan Reader,* ed. Hiram Haydn (New York, 1946), 399-400.

So Jove's great ordinance shall be here implied
To strike him under th' Etna of his pride. . . .[2]

Bussy has none of the perfect courtier's respect for those above him. When Monsieur declares that Bussy's enemy, the Guise, is "noblier born," Bussy replies:

He is not; I am noble.
And noblesse in his blood hath no gradation,
But in his merit.[3]

He knows that his own merit exceeds that of any other man at court, and the determination to win general acceptance for this conviction becomes the principle of his action. His liaison with the Countess of Montsurry, his assertion of her chastity, and his lying denial of her adultery with him are all subordinate to his desire to establish and maintain his excellence.

Always convinced of his own superiority to other men, Bussy never admits that his glorious career is at all blameworthy. When King Henry admonishes him for unlawfully engaging in a duel and killing his opponents, Bussy justifies his behaviour:

Who to himself is law, no law doth need,
Offends no law, and is a king indeed.[4]

The King accepts this revolutionary doctrine; for later he suggests that Bussy alone upholds the native nobility man once had in the state of nature when all men were equal. Henry adds:

kings had never borne
Such boundless empire over other men,
Had all maintain'd the spirit and state of D'Ambois. . . .[5]

When Tamyra expresses remorse for her adultery with the hero, he declares that to brood long over sin is to succumb to the "sly charms Of the witch policy." In Act V, after he has been shot down by his enemies, his words indicate no loss of faith in himself. "Is my body, then," he asks,

But penetrable flesh? And must my mind
Follow my blood? Can my divine part add
No aid to th' earthly in extremity?
Then these divines are but for form, not fact. . . .[6]

In these lines, which have often been misunderstood, Bussy is momentarily rejecting the Neo-Platonic view that human nature is composed of the divine (mind) and the earthly (blood); for he is certain that if he had been endowed with a divine part, it would now come to his aid. Bussy is not criticizing himself or even admitting his failure but is rather asserting the arduousness of the role for which he has been cast. Both he and Tamyra are sure that his imminent death is "worthless"—that is to say, undeserved.[7]

[2]III, ii, 144-7. For the text, I have used *The Tragedies of George Chapman*, ed. Thomas Marc Parrott (London, 1910).
[3]III, ii, 76-8. [4]II, i, 203-4.
[5]III, ii, 95-7. [6]V, iv, 78-82. [7]V, iv, 110, 125.

The characters continually employ a philosophical terminology which cannot be understood without some knowledge of the sources of Chapman's thinking. As various scholars have shown, two important philosophical influences on Chapman were Machiavellism and the Neo-Platonism of Ficino.[8] The first was predominantly pessimistic in tendency, the second optimistic. In *Bussy D'Ambois* Chapman attempted to force these conflicting currents of thought into a working partnership. The opening lines indicate his preoccupation with philosophical ideas:

> *Enter* Bussy D'Ambois, *poor*
>
> *Bus.* Fortune, not Reason, rules the state of things,
> Reward goes backwards, Honour on his head;
> Who is not poor, is monstrous; only Need
> Gives form and worth to every human seed.

Superficially viewed, the passage merely introduces a typical Elizabethan malcontent voicing a hackneyed medieval complaint about the power of Fortune. Looked at more closely, the lines suggest the Machiavellian pessimism frequently advanced during the course of the play. Throughout, an evil Fortune is equated with a corrupted Nature.[9] In a remarkable scene Bussy's Machiavellian enemy, Monsieur, can explain the hero's approaching doom only by supposing that Nature is "stark blind"—a characteristic which the medieval mind had associated with Fortune. Elsewhere Monsieur and the Duke of Guise describe Nature as working at random and indifferent to merit. This essentially pagan account is more bitterly pessimistic than are the pious seventeenth-century lamentations over the decay of Nature. Fulke Greville exemplifies the fashionable gloom when he writes:

> But further now the Eternal Wisdom shows,
> That though God do preserve thus for a time,
> This equilibrium, wherein Nature goes,
> By passing humours, not to overclimb,
> Yet he both by the cure and the disease,
> Proves Dissolution all at length must seize.

Chapman's view of Nature is much closer to Machiavelli's opinion that men, in imitation of Nature, are "lightminded, inconstant, lascivious, and given to vanity."[10] Bussy himself shares this view of Nature, although he

[8]Recent contributions to the study of Chapman's ideas include the following: Leslie A. Rutledge, "George Chapman's Theory of the Soul and of Poetry," MS. Thesis (Harvard College Library, 1938), Richard H. Perkinson, "Nature and the Tragic Hero in Chapman's Bussy Plays" (*Modern Language Quarterly,* III, 1942, 263-85), Roy W. Battenhouse, "Chapman and the Nature of Man" (*ELH: A Journal of English Literary History,* XII, 1945, 87-107).

[9]See especially III, ii, 98-102; cf. I, i, 42-3.

[10]Letter to Francesco Vettori, January 31, 1514-15, in *The Prince and Other Works,* ed. Allan H. Gilbert (Chicago, 1941), 257. Cf. the passage quoted in Introduction, 12, where Machiavelli has one of his characters link Nature and Fortune. In "The Apology of Raymond Sebond," Montaigne sets down a somewhat less outspoken criticism of Nature: "But those people amuse me who, to give some certainty to laws,

condemns the Machiavellian behaviour of Monsieur; and ultimately the hero decides to use Machiavellian tactics, promising that "policy shall be flank'd with policy."

Chapman places Bussy in a Machiavellian environment but describes his ethical bent in a series of terms borrowed from the Neo-Platonic writer Marsilio Ficino. According to Ficino there is in man a hierarchy beginning with mind and descending through soul, spirit, and blood. The essential part of the soul is reason, but reason may move upward to mind or downward to spirit and sense. Spirit, says Ficino, is much closer to the body than to the soul.[11] Bussy is primarily a man of spirit, and if this term is to be understood in a purely Neo-Platonic sense, the hero must be regarded as one who characteristically follows the guidance of his lower nature. Recent students of Chapman have, in fact, inclined to this interpretation. But Chapman's use of "spirit" is by no means consistently and completely Neo-Platonic. The term appears some thirty times. Almost always it serves to emphasize the heroic courage of the leading character. Sometimes it indicates his aspiration for honour and glory and appears in a Machiavellian context, as when Monsieur advises Bussy to free his "long-smother'd spirit" and seize Fortune's gifts. It tends to become synonymous with his valour[12] and so with his "virtue"—a term that in this play frequently means what *virtù* meant to Machiavelli: personal ability, strength, or vigour. As he is dying, Bussy offers his sword to Montsurry, saying that

> it shall find the way to victory
> By his own brightness, and th' inherent valour
> My fight hath still'd into't with charms of spirit.[13]

In his last lines he laments the "frail condition of strength, valour, virtue," but the elegy immediately following indicates that his frailty is not the fault of Bussy:

> Farewell, brave relics of a complete man,
> Look up and see thy spirit made a star. . . .[14]

The passage confirms the earlier description of Bussy as "young, learned, valiant, virtuous, and full-mann'd."

If, then, *Bussy D'Ambois* dramatizes the principle that when soul descends to spirit instead of rising to mind, catastrophe results, Chapman

say that there are some that are fixed, perpetual, and immutable, which they call laws of Nature, and which, by the very condition of their being, are imprinted in humankind . . . out of so infinite a number of laws [of Nature] there does not happen to be one at least that has been permitted by Fortune and the heedlessness of chance to be universally accepted. . . ." (*The Essays of Montaigne*, trans. E. J. Trechmann (New York, n.d.), II, 26). Cf. George Williamson, "Mutability, Decay, and Seventeenth-Century Melancholy" (*ELH: A Journal of English Literary History*, II, 1935, 121-50).

[11]See Paul Oskar Kristeller, *The Philosophy of Marsilio Ficino* (New York, 1943), 372-5, 405.

[12]In *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* an emotional character says that the unruffled Clermont lacks "spirit and valour" (III, ii, 90).

[13]V, iv, 116-18.

[14]V, iv, 146-7.

was notably unsuccessful in driving home the idea. It seems likely that when he wrote *Bussy D'Ambois* (1607) the philosophy of Ficino had not yet affected him so strongly as it was later to do. *The Tears of Peace* (1609) is a much more thoroughgoing exposition of Ficino's ideas than is *Bussy D'Ambois*. By 1613, when he wrote *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois,* Chapman had joined to his Neo-Platonism a Stoicism in the light of which Bussy could not but seem rash and ungovernable. In *The Revenge* the character of Bussy is strongly criticized. Whereas, in the earlier play, he had been pictured as a learned man with "a mind . . . of desert to swell Into another great Augustus Caesar," he is described in the later play as deficient in learning—an accomplishment which Chapman considered essential to wisdom and the higher life. Guise believes that Clermont far exceeds his brother Bussy

> because, besides his valour,
> He hath the crown of man, and all his parts,
> Which learning is; and that so true and virtuous
> That it gives power to do as well as say
> Whatever fits a most accomplish'd man;
> Which Bussy, for his valour's season, lack'd;
> And so was rapt with outrage oftentimes
> Beyond decorum. . . .[15]

In the six years since the writing of *Bussy D'Ambois,* Chapman had evidently revised his opinion of his once-admired "complete man."

When in 1607 Bussy first appeared on the stage, his faults must have been sufficiently clear to the audience; but no one in the play was able to criticize him effectively. In a long diatribe Monsieur charges that, to employ his valour, Bussy would turn "hackster to any whore, slave to a Jew, Or English usurer." But the attack is so fantastic that it hardly weakens the hero's position. And when Monsieur says that Bussy has "no soul diffused quite through," the hero pointedly replies that Monsieur is "utterly without a soul." Moreover, Monsieur's later praise of Bussy tends to cancel the earlier accusation. Although Tamyra is castigated for lustfulness and even admits, in soliloquy, that she is driven by an irresistible passion, Bussy is never directly accused of sexual immorality. Similarly, although the Friar becomes an agent for Tamyra's "blood," Bussy is never blamed for accepting the pleasures obtained for him by the holy man's hypocritical dealing.

Chapman evidently wished to exempt Bussy from the harsh criticism to which the other characters are frequently subjected. Perhaps the most striking illustration of the method appears in Tamyra's justification of Bussy's conduct:

> For though his great spirit something overflow,
> All faults are still-born that from greatness grow. . . .[16]

[15]II, i, 83-90.
[16]At the opening of II, ii in the first quarto.

These lines, which were omitted from the late second quarto of the play, are Chapman's closest approach to moral relativism. Quite possibly he came to feel that they were inconsistent with the Stoical ethics which so strongly influenced his later work.

In *Bussy D'Ambois* Chapman failed to create a tragedy of absolutely first rank. The reason for his failure is that man cannot force Nature or Fortune to bear the responsibility for his suffering. Or perhaps we should say that the tragic writer must not adopt that attitude. Whatever may be the ultimate fact as to man's moral liability for his deeds, he must behave as if he thought himself capable of guilt, must assume a vice if he have it not. Bussy is actually a less attractive figure than either Antigone or Hamlet, yet Chapman treats him with a reverence that neither Sophocles nor Shakespeare accords his hero.

Bussy is so carefully insulated against criticism that he never learns what the tragic hero should learn. Macbeth, a man much less sensitive than Hamlet or even Othello, had always known that action cannot trammel up the consequence, and he came to know that

> all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death.

At least implicitly he applied this latter knowledge to himself. Bussy never grows into this or any comparable understanding. His dying words beautifully transfix the pathos of his fall:

> O frail condition of strength, valour, virtue,
> In me (like warning fire upon the top
> Of some steep beacon, on a steeper hill)
> Made to express it: like a falling star
> Silently glanc'd, that like a thunderbolt
> Look'd to have stuck and shook the firmament.[17]

But the outcry does not suggest that he has sensitively responded to the dramatic action. In some plays the hero is tragic because he does not learn enough; but because Bussy does not learn enough, he fails to be tragic in the highest degree.

The tragedy offers little evidence that in 1607 Chapman sensed the defect in Bussy's knowledge. The central character so dominates the play that no other character appears qualified to comment significantly on the catastrophe. Though the play contains a number of hypotheses as to the "final cause" directing the order of nature, the playwright never shows much insight into the working of the "efficient cause." According to Whitehead, the subject-matter of tragedy is the remorseless operation of cause and effect in the world. Although it is an impressive play, *Bussy D'Ambois* cannot meet this test.

[17]V, iv, 141-6.

BROWNING THE SIMPLE-HEARTED CASUIST

HOXIE N. FAIRCHILD

HAS any English poet of comparable historical interest and intrinsic merit received so small an amount of respectable critical attention as Robert Browning? Now that the nineteenth-century spate of "inspirational" eulogy and exegesis has dwindled to the merest trickle, there is need and opportunity for disinterested re-examination of his work. One result of such a study will be our awareness of a paradox. Though by no means a profound philosopher, Browning was a man of much intellectual subtlety. He was fascinated by the difficulties and ambiguities of thought, its sinuous twistings and turnings and casuistical rationalizations. But his deeply convoluted brain could never dismiss the obligation to satisfy the demands of his healthy and almost boyishly simple heart. On the one hand, the truth was many-sided, relative, shadowy; on the other hand, it was single, absolute, and plain as a pikestaff. Brain-truth was of man; heart-truth was of God. The poet, who must faithfully render all the tangled phenomena of mental life, must also apprehend God's truth and impart it to others.

Several of Browning's most characteristic poems attempt to reconcile the complex brain and the simple heart. For all his dramatic subtlety, he seldom fails to make the speaker expose the "real" truth which underlies the surface play of intellectual sophistication. Although the assumption that the real is always more simple than the apparent is probably fallacious, one usually admires the skill with which Browning achieves his purpose. Sometimes, however, the speaker unmasks himself with excessively naïve alacrity. And still more regrettably Browning, in his reluctance to bewilder or demoralize the reader and in his eagerness to satisfy the demands of his own wholesome nature, rather often adds a passage which tells the reader precisely what to think. Sometimes he does so within the framework of the poem, and sometimes he frankly speaks in his own person; but in either case the passage is essentially extra-dramatic. Especially when some religious issue is at stake, this device is common enough to deserve a label: let us call it "the giveaway."

The earliest clear example of the giveaway occurs in *Sordello*—not of course a dramatic monologue, but an attempt to tell a story in terms of the infinitely tortuous thoughts and feelings of the characters, with a minimum didactic intrusion. In Book VI, just before the poet-patriot's death, Browning mercifully steps in with

> Ah my Sordello, I this once befriend
> And speak for you.

Both hero and reader stand in dire need of such intervention, for the preceding five hundred lines or so have described, in language of almost

impenetrable difficulty, the groping of Sordello's mind toward some kind of suprapersonal value. Since the hero himself does not know what this value is, it is incumbent on Browning to inform us, quite unambiguously, that what Sordello really needs is God incarnate in Jesus Christ.

Naturally, however, it is in the dramatic monologues that the problem of how to be interestingly subtle without placing a stumbling-block in the reader's path becomes acute. Let us examine a few of these giveaways, arranging the examples in a descending order of blatancy. The more specious the case of the speaker, the greater the need of an explicit indication of his falsehood. Mr. Sludge, the medium, is caught barehanded in an outrageous piece of trickery. But Mrs. Browning's spiritualistic hankerings have given her husband as sharp a distaste for the patrons of men like Daniel Home as for the tricksters themselves. Hence the rascally little Yankee is given a good deal to say for himself. His nature has been warped by social and economic factors beyond his control. The normal fancifulness of his childhood has been perverted by the world's craving for marvels and by the vanity of superstitious gentry who develop a vested interest in the validity of his mediumship. "You see, sir, it's your own fault more than mine. . . . It's too bad, I say, Ruining a soul so!" His tricks, moreover, have served the cause of religion in this unbelieving age. He firmly believes in the supernatural, and "can't be sure But there was something in it, tricks and all!" Perhaps he has not actually cheated, but "made believe I led myself" rather than confront the awesome reality of his contact with the spiritual realm. Although this apologia is sprinkled with clues which broadly hint at the speaker's fundamental falsity, Browning will not permit such casuistry to pass without more obvious exposure. Sludge himself is made to show us the "real" truth when he curses his patron, that "brute-beast and blackguard" whom he has just left with a "Good-night! Bl-l-less you, sir!" He will turn defeat into victory by spreading scandalous reports about this fine gentleman, and then

> An end of him! Begin elsewhere anew!
> Boston's a hole, the herring-pond is wide,
> V-notes are something, liberty still more.
> Besides, is he the only fool in the world?

Having had his fun, Browning does his duty. We are left in no doubt as to what to think of Sludge.

Most readers will probably feel that Bishop Blougram's casuistry is that of a cold-hearted, worldly sceptic. At least one scholar, however, has interpreted his apologetics in a different sense.* Closely examined, the main body of the monologue is a puzzling mixture of a slyness repugnant to Browning and a common-sense pragmatism by no means uncongenial with his own philosophy. Hence at the end of the poem Browning makes

*F. E. L. Priestley, "Blougram's Apologetics" (*University of Toronto Quarterly*, XV, 1946, 139-47).

a rather awkward effort to extract the simple, wholesome truth from subtleties which might otherwise be too darkly ambiguous both for his audience and for himself. Browning the psychologist had made the bishop talk too cleverly to satisfy Browning the moralist. Blougram's insistence on living according to what is, rather than according to what should be, is a favourite doctrine of the poet himself, though it is voiced more frequently in later poems. A snare lurks in the idea that no one can be either a completely sure believer or a completely sure unbeliever: "We call the chess-board white—we call it black." And the argument for exercising something very like the Jamesian will-to-believe in the absence of demonstrative proof is not to be accepted without safeguards which the Bishop himself cannot be expected to provide. Therefore Browning in his own person furnishes the giveaway. The Bishop, we are told, "believed, say, half he spoke," and made up the rest for the pleasure of the argument, offering as settled convictions whatever amusing notions chanced to cross his mind, but not revealing "certain hell-deep instincts" which were more fundamental in his nature than the ideas he had expressed. "He said true things, but called them by wrong names." He by no means convinced Gigadibs, his interviewer. Before a week had elapsed the young journalist, with "sudden healthy vehemence," took ship for the less sophistical shores of Australia—

> . . . there, I hope,
> By this time he has tested his first plough,
> And studied his last chapter of St. John.

Thus any possible ambiguity in the monologue proper is clarified by a much simpler wisdom than Blougram's.

Mention of St. John brings to mind *A Death in the Desert*. The dying Evangelist's faith is of course untainted by casuistry; and although the historical and physical background of the poem is admirably dramatic, John himself speaks so exactly like Robert Browning that any giveaway would seem to be superfluous. But Browning permits John to foresee the doubts of future generations who will regard the Saviour as "mere projection from man's inmost mind," and who will wish to devise new expressions of the same human love. These doubts are set forth rather more clearly and tellingly than the saint's passionate but vague rebuttal. Hence to the account of John's death in the ancient manuscript "One [Browning in antique costume] added this": a familiar argument for the divinity of Christ, which the poet thought too modern to be expressed through the lips of John. If Jesus was mere man, then he was a wretched failure, or a deceiver, or both. Here again is the attempt to provide external simplification of the complex intellectual drama of the poem.

An Epistle, in which Karshish mingles notes on medical botany with the story of the raising of Lazarus, might well have been allowed to speak for itself. The way in which the hard-headed Arab physician *almost* doubts

his own disbelief is deeply suggestive. The poet, however, makes Karshish conclude with:

> The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
> So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too—
> So, through the thunder comes a human voice
> Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
> Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
> Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of mine,
> But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
> And thou must love me who have died for thee!"
> The madman [Lazarus] saith He said so: it is strange.

The last line cannot conceal the fact that the rest of this passage is pure Browning. These are not the words of the half-fascinated sceptic who has written the hauntingly ambiguous letter.

In *Cleon* the giveaway is managed so delicately that one feels no rupture of the dramatic framework. The weary old pagan confesses that the thought of death is dreadful to one who has devoted himself to the goods of this world, and especially so to the artist because he savours this fleeting life so intensely. No hope of immortality has ever crossed his mind; and the best he can offer Protus, who has sought his advice, is:

> Live long and happy, and in that thought die,
> Glad for what was!

But rather than seem to recommend such Epicureanism, Browning makes Cleon intimate the existence of a higher hope without realizing that he has done so. Cleon is somewhat offended that Protus should also have written to one Paulus, "a mere barbarian Jew," who may or may not be the same as Christus. At all events—an ironic giveaway—"Their doctrine could be held by no sane man."

If ever a character in a dramatic monologue explicitly betrayed his own benightedness through his own words, surely Caliban does so in his brutish dissertation upon Setebos. That Browning feels the need of suggesting a loftier religious ideal is indicated by Caliban's dim sense that even Setebos is subject to something called "the Quiet." This device does not, however, fully perform the function of a giveaway, for Caliban supposes that "the Quiet" is wholly indifferent to human concerns. This deity finds in the act of creation nothing but a sort of aesthetic pleasure: " 'Tis solace making baubles, ay, and sport." Instead of developing the idea of "the Quiet," Browning concludes the poem by terrifying Caliban with one of Setebos' thunderstorms:

> Fool to gibe at Him!
> Lo! 'Lieth flat and loveth Setebos!
> 'Maketh his teeth meet through his upper lip,
> Will let those quails fly, will not eat this month
> One little mess of whelks, so he may 'scape!

Perhaps this speech is too typical of Caliban to be called a giveaway, but it lays heavy didactic emphasis on the fact that the God whom Caliban has created in his own image becomes for him a source of real terror and an object of superstitious propitiation.

When *Johannes Agricola in Meditation* and *Porphyria's Lover* first appeared in 1842, Browning provided a preliminary giveaway by placing them under the heading "Madhouse Cells." When he later abandoned this crude device, the poems were allowed to stand on their own feet except for the light touch of "editorializing" in the last line of *Porphyria's Lover*: "And yet God has not said a word." This poem, however, is perfectly consistent with Browning's doctrine of the "good minute." Agricola's antinomianism is self-condemnatory, but it is rather surprising that Browning should have withheld his rebuke.

In other dramatic monologues the absence of any giveaway is easily explained. Fra Lippo Lippi and Andrea del Sarto preach Browning's own gospel too fervently to require or deserve correction. In *The Bishop Orders His Tomb,* the dying sensualist gives *himself* away so obviously that the author has nothing to add. Any reader could be trusted to interpret the poem in relation to the ecclesiastical corruption of the Renaissance. Browning uses a much finer brush for *My Last Duchess,* but he is so sympathetic with the poor girl's lack of aristocratic discrimination that he regards the Duke's mere recital of the story as sufficiently explicit condemnation of him. This little masterpiece is, I believe, the only dramatic monologue in which an enemy of Browning's gospel is allowed to speak for himself without heavily underscoring his own error or being exposed by a giveaway.

It is in *The Ring and the Book* that the struggle between subtle brain and simple heart grows most acute. The "old yellow book" richly satisfied Browning's almost perverse love of intellectual complication and ambiguity, his sense of the many-sidedness of truth and the entanglement of good and evil. And yet beneath the conflicting documents lay the real, simple, black-and-white truth—the truth not of man but of God. The poet must find and reveal this truth by adding the alloy of imagination to the crude ore of fact, thus shaping the formless old "book" into a "ring"—a work of art beautifully instructive and instructively beautiful. In the opening book of the poem he discusses this creative problem and sketches the muddled ferment of Roman opinion on the case. He does not fail, however, to run through the story from a point of view which the reader plainly sees will prove to be the true one.

"Half-Rome," "The Other Half-Rome," and "Tertium Quid" represent Browning's desire to exploit the complexities and ambiguities of his material in psychological studies almost completely uncoloured by any suggestion of a judgment external to that of the speaker. "Tertium Quid" is especially remarkable for the objectivity with which its sophisticated casuistry is rendered. Unfortunately our response to these sections is con-

ditioned by the giveaway which the prefatory book has already provided.

After "Tertium Quid," except in the sections devoted to the grotesque lawyers, the warm-hearted moralizer completely supplants the analyst of mental behaviour. Count Guido makes some effective appeals to the sympathies and prejudices of the court, and he has a legitimate grievance against Pietro and Violante; but even the first of his two speeches leaves no doubt that he is a monster. With the appearance of the hero and heroine, the psychological thriller becomes something very like a religious allegory; the amount of imaginative alloy imposed upon the original documentary ore is now greatly increased. The characters of Caponsacchi and Pompilia exhibit no human mixture of black and white, but a blaze of heavenly radiance. They reveal themselves as God's champions, saints provided for each other's prayers, latter-day incarnations of divine love.

But their own words are not enough. Unwilling to trust the dramatic method as a means of distinguishing absolute good from absolute evil, Browning winds up his *magnum opus* by piling giveaway upon giveaway. Diaphanously disguised as the Pope he reviews the whole case, reaches the already foregone conclusion, dispenses praise and blame, renders judgment. Then he brings Guido before us a second time and makes him talk in such a way as to prove that the good old Pope was perfectly right. Finally he steps forward in his own person and provides the "British Public" with the moral:

> This lesson, that our human speech is naught,
> Our human testimony false, our fame
> And human estimation words and wind.

This is a fair deduction from the utterance of the Romans, of Guido, and of the lawyers. But the human testimony of Caponsacchi and Pompilia has not been false at all, and the human estimation supplied by Browning, though most copiously expressed in words, has been thoroughly sound. Perhaps, however, the hero, the heroine, and the poet are to be regarded as "human" only in a rather special sense. At all events Browning adds the final point that art, which suggests thoughts through things, is a precious means of telling truth "obliquely." Thus the poet may

> write a book shall mean beyond the facts,
> Suffice the eye and save the soul beside.

That last line points to the core of the whole matter. Broadly interpreted, "suffice the eye" implies the whole scope of Browning's omnivorous curiosity, his lust to render the bewildering but fascinating welter of mental no less than physical phenomena, to

> paint these
> Just as they are, careless what comes of it.

In the dramatic monologue he found the most congenial medium for the satisfaction of this impulse. But it was necessary to "save the soul beside," and his simple heart could not extract sufficiently clear didactic principles from the complexities in which his subtle brain delighted. Hence his too frequent reliance, in ostensibly dramatic writing, on the essentially undramatic giveaway. Hence also the strange fact that Browning, whose main distinguishing characteristic is his preference for speaking through the lips of others, is one of the least impersonal of English poets.

Some may prefer to say the "real" Browning is genuinely dramatic, and that his soul-saving giveaways are reluctant concessions to the Victorian appetite for wholesome messages. But he was a very honest man, and when the writings of an honest man reek with purpose the logical conclusion is that he is honestly purposeful. His naïve didacticism represents the "real" Browning no less faithfully than his psychological sophistication. He was inwardly divided against himself, though to some extent the conflict was his personal share of a prevalent nineteenth-century confusion.

RUTH BENEDICT: APOLLONIAN AND DIONYSIAN

VICTOR BARNOUW

THE Chippewa *can not kill the father!*" Ruth Benedict exclaimed to me one day, looking up gravely from my much blue-pencilled thesis and emphasizing each word separately. "They *can not kill the father!* Contrast with Eskimo!" My adviser turned her meditative eyes upon me and inquired, "Can't you fit that in somewhere?" As often happened, I felt that I almost saw her point, but not quite. However, I jotted a hurried note—"Chips don't kill father. . . . Esk.(?)"—and said that I would have to think about it.

Like most of Ruth Benedict's students, I looked up to her with a mixture of veneration and bewilderment. With her silvery aura of prestige, dignity, and charm, she seemed to be like a symbolic representative of the humanistic values of the Renaissance. Yet Ruth Benedict often seemed to have a kind of private language and way of thinking which made communication uncertain. She used unexpected verbal short-cuts, tangential observations, and symbols to convey her meaning; but these stratagems did not always succeed. In this particular case, I debated with myself for several days about her cryptic suggestion. Finally, I decided to insert a foot-note to the effect that while the Eskimos frequently killed their aged or incapacitated parents, the Chippewa had not resorted to this custom, although both groups were nomadic hunters who moved through an inhospitable environment in which care for the aged was difficult. Perhaps, I suggested, the Chippewa respected parental authority too much to be able to commit patricide. It is possible that I did not put my heart into that foot-note. At any rate, when Dr. Benedict came to re-read the manuscript, she deleted it with a dubious shake of the head, remarking that the idea was not convincing—and I did not contest the point.

Ruth Benedict sometimes had a way of talking about "primitive" peoples as if she could see an *x*-ray of their souls projected upon an invisible screen before her. "The Blackfeet always dance on a knife-edge," she would announce, as if seeing them there, balancing precariously along the blade. Then she would turn to her visitor with a charming smile. "*You* know," she would add with a nod of the head, implying that her consultant could also see the vision. This implicit confidence ushered the dazed neophyte into the company of Boas and the immortals. "The Pima like *slow* intoxication. That fits in perfectly with all of the rest about them, doesn't it? *You* know." One nodded, smiled, and tried hard to remember the information. ("Will they have that on the exams?") But perhaps Dr. Benedict assumed that her students had made their way through the same vast body of literature that she had read and come to the same vivid and original conclusions.

Ruth Benedict was thirty-two when she began to study anthropology —"to have something really to do," as she put it. Before then she had taught English in a girls' school and had written a great deal of poetry published under the name of Anne Singleton. Her devotion to poetry persisted through Ruth Benedict's later years. Even in the scholarly papers which began to appear in the nineteen-twenties when she was thoroughly steeped in the austere, almost military, intellectual discipline of Franz Boas, there was always some lyrical awareness of balance and phrase which went far above and beyond the normal call of academic duty.

Ruth Benedict also looked very like a tall and slender Platonic ideal of a poetess. The students who could not understand her lectures were at least able to derive something from the opportunity of looking at her. Her dreamily gazing eyes under the dark brows were most extraordinary, like the hooded grey eyes of an aristocratic eagle. In her face and manner there appeared to be a subtle blend of will and of trancelike reflection. She had an other-wordly look about her; yet she was resolute about the matters of this world. I used to feel that there were two sides to her complex character which were never completely fused. On the one hand, let us say, there was Anne Singleton, the Dionysian dreamer; and on the other hand there was Dr. Benedict, the disciplined Apollonian scholar. In one and the same individual there was an apparent juxtaposition of Sappho and Franz Boas, the chrysanthemum and the sword.

Archaeologically speaking, the earlier layer in this combination must have been Anne Singleton, who wrote lyrics about passion, love, and death, and lines like these:

> Only those
> Storm driven down the dark, see light arise,
> Her body broken for their rainbow bread,
> At late and shipwrecked close.[1]

Anne Singleton, we may imagine, was youthfully responsive to the world of nature—mystical and Dionysian. Boas was a later force, an incarnation of will, discipline, and rationality. Call him an introjected "father figure," "animus," or what you will; his personal inspiration stamped the last thirty years of her life. On the walls of Ruth Benedict's office hung two framed photographs, one of a leathery old Blackfoot chieftain and one of Boas, two gnarled and weather-beaten old men who had evidently suffered and endured. It was Boas, one of the intellectual leaders of our time, who caught her loyalty, altered the direction of her life, and gave her "something really to do." His logic tempered her poetic intuition, which she evidently felt some need to chasten. Willingly Anne Singleton slipped on the rough hair shirt of discipline, took upon herself the exacting Boas regimen of hard work, read endlessly, endured the discomforts of ethnological field work, and finally emerged as "Dr. Benedict."

[1] *Nation,* Sept. 28, 1928.

But it is a measure of her individuality that Ruth Benedict never became a mere rubber-stamp of the old man's thinking. In fact, her work represents a marked contrast to his. Boas had long ago rejected the "deep" intuitive plunges of German scholarship and philosophy; but in these same dubious sources Ruth Benedict now found inspiration. Under her master's perhaps somewhat jaundiced eye she turned to Nietzsche, Spengler, and Dilthey, whose ideas she somehow blended with the Boas tradition of intensive field work in a particular area. From this unexpected amalgam she managed to fashion her famous *Patterns of Culture*. This book was originally a patchwork of separate articles and field studies, ingeniously stitched together into a more or less integrated whole and given force and dignity by a warm imagination and turn of phrase. In its pages Anne Singleton and Dr. Benedict came together and pooled their talents. The Dionysian poet and the Apollonian scholar were reconciled. This may explain the faults of the book; it also explains its charm. For, recently incarnated in a thirty-five cent Pelican edition, *Patterns of Culture* has become one of the most widely read medium-heavy books in the whole field of social science. In the next few pages we shall examine some of its doctrines.

One basic assertion in this treatise is to the effect that some human societies—not necessarily all—are characterized by a group ethos which is analogous to the personality of an individual, and that the essential values characteristic of a culture exert a selective influence upon all of the responses of the society to historical events. This idea was once stated with particular brilliance by Oswald Spengler in *The Decline of the West,* a book which greatly influenced Ruth Benedict. In his orchestral style, Spengler proclaimed that societies were guided by different metaphysical conceptions and that characteristic attitudes towards space and time were imbedded in every major facet of a particular culture. Scornful at his feeble contemporaries for having missed this discovery, Spengler exclaimed in a typical passage: "Who amongst them realizes that between the Differential Calculus and the dynastic principle of politics in the age of Louis XIV, between the Classical city-state and the Euclidean geometry, between the space-perspective of Western oil-painting and the conquest of space by railroad, telephone and long-range weapon, between contrapuntal music and credit economics, there are deep uniformities?"[2]

Because of some guiding metaphysical attitudes, then, a given society is likely to reject any cultural innovations which appear to be out of harmony with its dominant *Weltanschauung*. Thus, the ancient Greeks, according to Spengler, were acquainted with the chronology and almanac-reckoning of the Babylonians and the Egyptians, but this did not alter their "shallow" conception of time. Spengler pointed out that neither Plato nor Aristotle had an observatory, and that, in "an act of the deepest symbolic significance," Pericles passed a decree directed against people who

[2]Oswald Spengler, *The Decline of the West* (New York, Knopf, 1939), 7.

propagated astronomical theories.[3] Moreover, according to Spengler, the Greeks had no sense of history. Even Thucydides claimed that before his time no events of importance had occurred in the world. Spengler contrasted the Greeks with the Egyptians in this respect. Egyptian culture was an embodiment of *care,* expressed in the use of granite and chiselled archives, in the elaborate administrative system and irrigation projects. Care for the past was expressed in chronological records and in the custom of mummification. But the a-historical Greeks burned their dead.[4]

Spengler was one of the first theoreticians to deal with the problems of selective borrowing under acculturation and to turn for their solution to culture-and-personality characteristics rather than to economic or geographical determinants. Spengler also showed that borrowed items of culture usually undergo some kind of transformation in the new setting and are tailored to fit the culture into which they have been introduced. The rejections and refashionings which take place may be cited as evidence for the existence of a dominant attitude characteristic of the culture, if the same principle seems to be involved in each separate response to diffusion.

After she had absorbed this wisdom from Spengler, Ruth Benedict turned to the cultures of the south-western United States to see whether these groups were characterized by any guiding principles of this nature, and whether such central tendencies could explain the rejection, acceptance, or remodelling of diffused cultural items. In this area Dr. Benedict already had a predecessor. As early as 1916, H. K. Haeberlin had written a penetrating article which foreshadowed some of the themes in *Patterns of Culture*. Haeberlin pointed out that many religious ceremonies and other aspects of culture could be found common to both the Hopi and Navajo, but that there were differences of emphasis in these societies. A ceremony designed to heal the sick among the Navajo was directed toward securing fertility for the fields among the Pueblo Indians. A game associated with the buffalo among the Plains tribes was associated with crops among the Hopi. Haeberlin explained this local refashioning as due to a psychological orientation. In the case of the Pueblo Indians this orientation could be designated under the heuristic catchword of "the idea of fertilization."[5]

The integrating factor which Haeberlin therefore isolated as the ruling motivation in Pueblo culture was "the idea of fertilization." Ruth Benedict, following a similar line of thought, found a different focus of integration, and a different catchword or set of catchwords.

> The basic contrast between the Pueblos and the other cultures of North America is the contrast that is named and described by Nietzsche in his studies of Greek tragedy. He discusses two diametrically opposed ways of arriving at the values of existence. The Dionysian pursues them through "the annihilation of the ordinary bounds and limits of existence"; he seeks to

[3] *Ibid.,* 9. [4] *Ibid.,* 12-13.

[5] H. K. Haeberlin, "The Idea of Fertilization in the Culture of the Pueblo Indians" (*American Anthropological Association, Memoirs,* vol. III, no. 1, 1916).

attain in his most valued moments escape from the boundaries imposed upon him by his five senses, to break through into another order of experience. The desire of the Dionysian, in personal experience or in ritual, is to press through it toward a certain psychological state, to achieve excess. The closest analogy to the emotions he seeks is drunkenness, and he values the illuminations of frenzy. With Blake, he believes "the path of excess leads to the palace of wisdom." The Apollonian distrusts all this, and has often little idea of the nature of such experiences. He finds means to outlaw them from his conscious life. He "knows but one law, measure in the Hellenic sense." He keeps the middle of the road, stays within the known map, does not meddle with disruptive psychological states. In Nietzsche's fine phrase, even in the exaltation of the dance he "remains what he is, and retains his civic name." . . .

It is not possible to understand Pueblo attitudes towards life without some knowledge of the culture from which they have detached themselves: that of the rest of North America. It is by the force of the contrast that we can calculate the strength of their opposite drive and the resistances that have kept out of the Pueblos the most characteristic traits of the American aborigines. For the American Indians as a whole, and including those of Mexico, were passionately Dionysian. They valued all violent experience, all means by which human beings may break through the usual sensory routine, and to all such experiences they attributed the highest value.[6]

Ruth Benedict then provided illustrations of this widespread Dionysian tendency, such as fasting and self-torture in the vision quest and the ceremonial use of drugs, peyote, and alcohol to induce religious intoxication. These patterns were uniformly rejected by the Pueblo Indians, she explained, because they ran counter to the Apollonian values cherished by the people. The Hopi and Zuni had never brewed intoxicants or accepted drugs, although they were surrounded by Indian groups who did. Drinking was consequently no problem on Pueblo reservations. Self-torture was also incomprehensible to the Pueblos; and while whipping took place during the puberty ceremonies, this ordeal was merely a symbolic beating which drew no blood.

In a similar vein Dr. Benedict went on to delineate the rejection of the "Dionysian" Ghost Dance of the Great Plains, the shamanistic trance, the tradition of boasting, and other un-Apollonian patterns, such as: competition for prestige, punishment for adultery, frenzied lamentation at funerals, recourse to suicide, sense of sin, and dualism in cosmology.

This long list of items, so persuasively tied together, is cumulatively impressive and appears to be not only more convincing than Spengler's weird but stimulating linkage of bank-books and perspective in art, but also more exhaustive in its scope than Haeberlin's pioneer analysis of Pueblo culture. However, there are some dubious assertions in this original presentation for which proof would be difficult to secure. In particular, it is hard to accept her statement that "the American Indians as a whole, and including those of Mexico, were passionately Dionysian." This would

[6]Ruth Benedict, *Patterns of Culture* (Pelican Books, 1946), 72-3.

presumably link together such varied cultures as the hunting bands of Labrador, the fishing communities of the North-West Coast, the caste societies of south-eastern North America, and the complex civilization of the Aztecs. In labelling them all "Dionysian" Dr. Benedict commits the very error for which she castigates the arm-chair anthropologists of the nineteenth century, who made facile generalizations about "primitives" and who failed to recognize the tremendous diversity of pre-literate cultures. Writers like Frazer, Dr. Benedict tells us, ignore all the aspects of cultural integration. "Mating or death practices are illustrated by bits of behaviour selected indiscriminately from the most different cultures, and the discussion builds up a kind of mechanical Frankenstein's monster with a right eye from Fiji, a left from Europe, one leg from Tierra del Fuego, and one from Tahiti, and all the fingers and toes from still different regions. Such a figure corresponds to no reality in the past or present. . . ."[7]

Now, how does this erroneous procedure differ from that pursued by Dr. Benedict? To demonstrate the "Dionysian" bent of the American Indians, she selects a pierced tongue from Mexico, a chopped-off finger from the Plains, and a bitten-off nose from the Apache. These she somehow pieces together to suggest the ethos of "the culture from which they [the Pueblos] have detached themselves." Boas must have demurred at this heresy on the part of his favourite disciple.

A critic may also dissent from some of the specific items which illustrate the "Apollonian" nature of Pueblo culture. Drinking, for example, is probably not so rare, and initiation whippings are not so mild in Pueblo culture, to judge from some observations of other ethnologists. One trustworthy eye-witness described the floggings as being "very severe" and added that "pandemonium reigns in the kiva during this exciting half-hour"—which doesn't sound Apollonian.[8] Sun Chief, who wrote his autobiography, confessed that he suffered permanent scars as the result of his initiation.[9] We might question whether the Hopi snake dance is not more Dionysian than Dr. Benedict would have us believe; and perhaps the widespread Pueblo fear of witchcraft is indicative of a greater degree of conflict and tension than the amiable picture which can be derived from *Patterns of Culture*.

One difficulty with the constructs utilized by Ruth Benedict seems to be that "Apollonian" peoples are not always as consistently Apollonian as they should be. Certainly, "Dionysian" peoples are not always Dionysian. Could a society exist in which everybody was engaged in pursuing ecstatic experiences, cutting off fingers, taking dope or hashish, getting drunk, and going into trances? Of course not. Some Apollonian core of

[7] *Ibid.*, 44.

[8] Voth, quoted in Esther S. Goldfrank, "Socialization, Personality, and the Structure of Pueblo Society" (*American Anthropologist*, Oct.-Dec., 1945, 529).

[9] *Sun Chief: The Autobiography of a Hopi Indian*, ed. Leo Simmons (Yale University Press, 1942), 79-87.

sobriety and responsibility must be found in any culture, or else it will fall apart. At the same time, Dionysian elements can usually be discovered in any culture, no matter how "middle of the road" it may be. To be sure, one might still attempt to grade cultures and arrange them along an Apollonian-Dionysian continuum, but I should not like to try it. What are we in the United States, Apollonian or Dionysian? Is there an answer? I don't know. Perhaps most of us are Apollonian during the week and become more or less Dionysian from Saturday night to Monday morning, if Aldous Huxley is correct in his opinion that the average man's life alternates between senseless week-day routine and senseless week-end orgy.

In view of these difficulties, how are we to characterize forms of integration which exist outside of the Apollonian-Dionysian polarity? Should we have to find a new catchword for each culture (Babbittian? Confucian? Nanookian?) with each label representing a different principle of integration? Obviously, this is an unsatisfactory stratagem, as Dr. Benedict admitted in an almost self-disparaging paragraph: "It would be absurd to cut every culture down to the Procrustean bed of some catchword characterization. The danger of lopping off important facts that do not illustrate the main proposition is grave enough even at best. . . . We do not need a plank of configuration written into the platform of an ethnological school."[10] Here she sounds more like Boas than like Spengler.

One important problem which Dr. Benedict did not pursue in *Patterns of Culture* concerns the means by which individuals are "Apollonianized." In other words, how do the Hopi manage to become such submissive, gentle people? And how were "Dionysian" attitudes cultivated among the Blackfeet in each new generation? In this book Ruth Benedict seemed to assume that the whole thing works by contagion. Thus, an individual born into an "Apollonian" culture and exposed to it long enough automatically becomes an "Apollonian" person, just as an Eskimo baby naturally learns to speak Eskimo rather than another language and eventually "takes over" Eskimo culture. But psychoanalysts and child psychologists would not consider such an answer satisfactory. They would like to know more specifically what typical childhood experiences condition the growing personality in this particular culture, leading to an Apollonian repression of hostile impulses, let us say. For if personality is formed to so large an extent in the earliest years of life, as these specialists assure us, one should know something about child-rearing patterns in such a society in order to determine how Apollonian mildness is actually cultivated. These psychodynamic problems were not Ruth Benedict's concern in *Patterns of Culture* any more than they were Spengler's concern in *The Decline of the West*. To be sure, there is a passing reference to the probable absence of the Oedipus complex among the Zuni, but beyond this there is little evidence of psychoanalytic orientation. In her later work, however, Dr.

[10]Benedict, *Patterns of Culture*, 211.

Benedict paid a greater degree of attention to childhood experiences and their relationship to adult personality.

It is interesting that in the meantime Dr. Benedict's work was instrumental in furthering the formation of a new school of psychoanalytic thought. Karen Horney paid her respects to the anthropologists (including Dr. Benedict) in *The Neurotic Personality of Our Time,* asserting that cultural factors had been understressed by Freud in his studies of the etiology of neuroses. Accordingly, Dr. Horney emphasized cultural conditions at the expense of the orthodox libidinal drives and infantile experiences.

In the course of her remarks Karen Horney touched on Ruth Benedict's Apollonian-Dionysian duality, describing the Dionysian tendency as a desire to lose the self.

> In our culture we are more aware of the opposite attitude toward the self, the attitude that emphasizes and highly values the particularities and uniqueness of individuality. Man in our culture feels strongly that his own self is a separate unity, distinguished from or opposite to the world outside. Not only does he insist on this individuality but he derives a great deal of satisfaction from it; he finds happiness in developing his special potentialities, mastering himself and the world in active conquest, being constructive and doing creative work. . . .
>
> But the opposite tendency that we have discussed—the tendency to break through the shell of individuality and be rid of its limitations and isolation—is an equally deep-rooted human attitude, and is also pregnant with potential satisfaction. Neither of these tendencies is in itself pathological; both the preservation and development of individuality and the sacrifice of individuality are legitimate goals in the solution of human problems.[11]

This seems like a curious conclusion. But perhaps it is in keeping with the Spengler-Benedict tradition of cultural relativism. For after all, one cannot pass value-judgments (can one?) upon the incommensurable metaphysical assumptions and attitudes which underlie the destinies of cultures. Which is "better"—to be Apollonian or Dionysian?—or (to use Spengler's terms) to be Classical, Magian, or Faustian? But this is like asking: Is it better to be an oak-tree or a cow, a star-fish or Senator Vandenberg? There may be an answer, but one hardly knows where to begin.

Yet, there is a catch in this relativist position, at least for "reformers" like Benedict and Horney. Spengler was more consistent in his Olympian view, jeering sarcastically at "world-improvers" from his privileged position beyond space and time. But Ruth Benedict, whose books and pamphlets urgently combated racial prejudice, was a "world-improver" caught up in the issues of her day, passing value-judgments right and left upon the culture of her world. As for Karen Horney, it would seem that a psychoanalyst would also be debarred from a relativist position. The profession

[11]Karen Horney, *The Neurotic Personality of Our Time* (New York, 1937), 273-4.

of psychoanalysis, which aims to "cure," assumes that there is some standard of emotional health which "neurotics" and "psychotics" do not meet. To be sure, in the wake of Benedict's book, much attention was paid to the variety in cultural standards of "normality." People were fond of pointing out, as Ruth Benedict had done, that trances or transvestism were accepted in other cultures, that therefore our ideas about normality were "ethnocentric," and that perhaps the only adequate concept of normality would have to be a statistical one based upon a particular society and carrying no cross-cultural implications. But this attitude is no longer so prevalent. A headache, after all, is a headache in any culture; a stomach ache is a stomach ache. People may eat different things, and a stomach ache may be brought about by a variety of causes; but all the same, some adequate cause-and-effect relations (transcending cultural differences) may be discovered which will account for, and perhaps cure, the stomach ache of a Hopi as well as the stomach ache of a New York business man. If this is feasible, why may not a psychosis be labelled a psychosis in any culture? Is it not possible that universally valid standards of human functioning are discoverable and that basic psychodynamic principles do not differ very much from one society to another?

Moreover, can we not say that in some societies people seem to be "happier" than in others, or that there are fewer mental and emotional disturbances in society A than in society B? From reading *Patterns of Culture,* at least, one receives the very definite impression that the Pueblo tribes are "happier" than the Dobu. "Life in Dobu fosters extreme forms of animosity and malignancy which most societies have minimized by their institutions," Dr. Benedict tells us;[12] while Pueblo culture is described as "a civilization whose forms are dictated by the typical choices of the Apollonian, all of whose delight is in formality and whose way of life is the way of measure and sobriety."[13]

Now, in which society would you rather live? Or does it make no difference? I am sure that Ruth Benedict would much rather be a Zuni than a Dobu or Kwakiutl. Yet in the final paragraph of her book she speaks of the "coexisting and equally valid patterns of life which mankind has created for itself from the raw materials of existence."[14] At the same time, at other points in *Patterns of Culture,* she seems to approach absolute criteria for the evaluation of social systems. "It is possible," she suggests, "to scrutinize different institutions and cast up their cost in terms of social capital, in terms of the less desirable behaviour traits they stimulate, and in terms of human suffering and frustration."[15] Here is an approach which can unite the disciplines of anthropology, sociology, and psychiatry, and one, moreover, which may also justify the activities of the liberal "world-improver." Yet Ruth Benedict was not consistent in this approach.

[12]Benedict, *Patterns of Culture,* 159.
[13]*Ibid.,* 119.
[14]*Ibid.,* 257.
[15]*Ibid.,* 229.

Elgin Williams has discussed the internal contradictions and inconsistencies in Ruth Benedict's work. "Formally she sticks to relativism," he observes. "Her pragmatism is not so much at the tip of her tongue as bred in the bone. Try as she may to maintain the pose of relativism, the test of consequences intrudes."[16] He is aware of the fact that Dr. Benedict's concern for tolerance was expressed in her cultural relativism, but he inquires whether this relativism, if carried to a logical conclusion, would not lead to an acceptance of Jim Crow in the south and other manifestations of intolerance. These are stubborn old problems which may be phrased in a hundred different ways. Consider, for example, the Zuni and Apache, who of course have "equally valid patterns of life." Among these patterns the Zuni and Apache have remarkably contrasting solutions for the problem of adultery. In Zuni culture, the woman is not punished in any way, while among the Apache the injured husband bites off the end of his wife's nose. From an anthropological point of view, both patterns "function" successfully in their respective cultures. The one response is "Apollonian," the other "Dionysian." But is that all that we can say about them?

It seems to me that in a case like this, constructs such as "Apollonian" or "Dionysian" may obscure rather than enlighten the issue. Granted that group differences in "basic personality structure" and in culturally accepted values do exist, these do not in any way negate the essential psychic unity of mankind. An individual Hopi has a host of life-problems in common with an individual Apache, or Kwakiutl, or Dobu, however different may be the value-systems and metaphysical assumptions which underlie these cultures. Surely, some solutions to basic problems are more satisfactory than others. Very likely the Apache were happy to surrender their nose-biting practices, even if it meant giving up an important outlet for their Dionysian tendencies.

However, there is one optimistic aspect in Ruth Benedict's view of culture, which should be congenial to the assumptions of a "world-improver." I refer to the absence of any cyclical fatalism like that of Spengler, or of any constitutional determinism like that of Sheldon. Nor does Dr. Benedict accept the philosophy of predestination that we find in the work of Kardiner, with its apparent assumption that adult life consists mainly of the working out of conflicts originating during infancy in response to childhood disciplines. The only determinism which Ruth Benedict stresses is a cultural determinism, but with the saving implication that man may develop some culture-consciousness and insight into the mould of his own culture and thereby change or transcend it in some way. Ruth Benedict always stressed the extraordinary plasticity of man and the great diversity of his culture. To her, culture was a "superorganic" medium which was presumably linked by only the slenderest threads to its organic substratum.

[16]Elgin Williams, "Anthropology for the Common Man" (*American Anthropologist*, Jan.-March, 1947, 88).

According to this viewpoint, man has great potential freedom. But this free will does not seem to be particularly significant in a relativist framework, wherein whatever man does is equivalent. In this view, man is all dressed up with no place (or a thousand places) to go.

In the preceding pages we have examined some aspects of *Patterns of Culture*. I have not attempted to deal with all of its sections, but mainly with the most challenging and original themes. The chapter on Dobu, to my mind, is an unfortunate inclusion because it is based entirely upon the work of one ethnologist who spent only six months among these islanders. Later, in the course of her official work in Washington during the war, Dr. Benedict made similar reconstructions on the basis of equally meagre evidence. To be sure, she had the excuse of war-time pressures and limitations; but all the same it seems rather rash, for example, to write a book about Japanese history, culture, and personality without ever having been to Japan, and after having interviewed only a few acculturated Japanese.

Our reflections about *Patterns of Culture* now lead us to two final questions. First of all, why did Ruth Benedict, who worked in close association with the highly critical Boas, develop a theme as questionable as her Apollonian-Dionysian duality appears to be? Secondly, what was Ruth Benedict's positive contribution to social science?

As to the first question, the answer lies partly in the fact that Dr. Benedict was exploring new territory and that her errors (if we can call them such) were those of a pioneer. But granted that this is so, why did Dr. Benedict elect the particular theme she chose for elaboration? Why, in spite of the flimsy evidence for such an assertion, did she insist upon branding all non-Pueblo Indians as "Dionysian"? If Dr. Benedict was a scholar (and she was), why did her scholarship turn soft at this particular point? What I am suggesting through these questions is that irrational factors may have helped to dictate Ruth Benedict's choice of theme. Let us take a leaf from Dr. Benedict's work and inquire into the factors behind her "selective borrowing" from *The Birth of Tragedy*.

Nietzsche's vague and chaotically rolling passages do not excite the imagination of every reader. If they did in Ruth Benedict's case, there must have been some tension within her own psyche which corresponded to the Apollonian-Dionysian conflict which Nietzsche described. This tension, whatever its source, seems to be particularly characteristic of Western culture and finds expression in various other terminologies, such as the conflict between classicism and romanticism, reason and emotion, bourgeois and bohemian, form and colour, ego and id. This internal conflict must have been particularly intense in the case of Nietzsche, for otherwise he would never have "discovered" the Apollonian-Dionysian antithesis among the ancient Greeks. My suggestion is that the same principle may be applicable to Ruth Benedict, and that in her case two conflicting tendencies were seeking some kind of integration. In her earlier years an inte-

gration was achieved under the aegis of the Dionysian Anne Singleton; in her later years under that of the Apollonian Dr. Benedict.

Perhaps it was some such inner duality which made Ruth Benedict so responsive to Nietzsche's nebulous dichotomy and led her to discover its manifestations among the cultures of aboriginal North America. As we have seen (in the case of Haeberlin), other guiding motivations besides the Apollonian can be deduced from a contrast of Pueblo with non-Pueblo cultures; so that Dr. Benedict's characterization is not the only and inevitable one. I am not suggesting that reason and deduction played no role in the application of Nietzsche's antithesis to Pueblo culture; but I do think it possible that irrational factors and "projection" were involved to some extent. Of course, I may be "projecting," myself, in making this analysis. However, it seems to me that the balance of forces between "emotion" and "reason" was remarkably even in Ruth Benedict's case. No faction got the upper hand altogether. Responsiveness to Spengler's intuition was balanced by respect for the rationality incarnated in Boas. Indeed, it may have been this very awareness of co-existing but "equally valid" approaches to life that led to the relativism which permeated Ruth Benedict's work.

But I have been Dionysian enough in throwing out such wild suggestions, and perhaps, like a Blackfoot Indian, I am balancing dangerously upon a thin knife-edge of speculation. So before I do any more damage, either to Dr. Benedict or to myself, let me turn to our final question: What was Ruth Benedict's positive contribution to social science?

It may sound paradoxical, in the light of what has gone before, but I think that Ruth Benedict made a very great contribution to present-day anthropology, not as a pamphleteer on race, not as a harried Washington bureaucrat answering too many telephone calls, not as the author of any particular book or article, but rather for the aims she pursued and the kinds of questions which she asked about ethnological material. Ruth Benedict's dignity lay in the fact that she went after important issues. Anthropologists who classified potsherds or measured skulls could afford to criticize her methodology. Their procedures, no doubt, were impeccable in comparison to hers, but the final value of their work still remains to be discovered. Too many of Boas's students got bogged down among the intricate details of kinship-systems or basket-weaves without having much understanding of why they worked so hard. When Franz Boas published page after page of blueberry-pie recipes in Kwakiutl, the old man probably knew what he was after; but when his students did the same kind of thing, they often lacked the driving central purpose which animated Boas. They mastered techniques and methods within their special fields, but often accomplished little more than that. It requires courage to stick to the important issues, and Ruth Benedict had that courage.

Like Boas, Ruth Benedict was very serious about her work in life. Time was short, she felt, and there was only room for the vital things. Her sense of dedication to a difficult and serious task marked everything she did. Her students immediately felt this and respected her essential dignity of spirit. In her later years, beset by phone calls, interruptions, manuscripts to read and refugees to interview, she moved through her book-lined office with a kind of sad, blurry nobility, overworked but always with a renewing buoyancy of spirit, kindliness, and deep sense of social responsibility. Perhaps the main thing about Ruth Benedict was the spiritual influence which she exerted upon her students and those who worked with her. Those who read her books may perhaps forget what they have learned; but those who knew Ruth Benedict in any way will always remember her as a symbol of spiritual and intellectual quest.

I should like to conclude this essay by quoting one of her poems, which makes a fitting elegy. It was published in *Poetry* in March, 1930. Notice the fusion of emotion with scientific themes in this poem and also the alternation of conflicting (equally valid?) metaphysical attitudes. As in the few lines of Anne Singleton's poetry quoted on a previous page, this poem is concerned with the spiritual significance of "light."

Dead Star

The star that loosed this arrow down the dark
Is centuries-long extinguished, yet its ray
Clean as a pin-point, perfect to the mark,
Shivers not yet to void. Bodies decay,
Life being put asunder, and sweet sound
No longer holds the air when streams are bound.

Only this gleam is fathered of the dead,
A goblin birth, having no source in heaven
Nor in men's eyes, a disinherited
And phantom thing, that soon shall scatter even
Its slight and tapered essence, and the dark
Close down at last over its gutted spark.

Preposterous years, held taut to nothingness
To carry so a futile beam to earth,
Though night be nothing profited, no less
Outstare our trivial doubting. Death and birth
Are whimsies of the wind—nothing avails;
Yet till its term is spent no star-beam fails.

Letters in Canada: 1948

Edited by J. R. MacGillivray

THE fourteenth annual survey of "Letters in Canada" follows the general plan of earlier years. Once more it has been found necessary to make a division and hold over the survey of French-Canadian and New-Canadian letters until the July issue. It is a matter of regret that Professor J. C. Garrett who for several years has written a large part of the last section of the English survey has left the University and Canada. Some idea of how he is missed on the *Quarterly* may be gained from the fact that it has taken four of us to fill his place in this issue.

Once more I would express thanks to publishers of Canadian books for their friendly co-operation; to the University of Toronto Library for assistance; and to Miss Francess Halpenny, Assistant Editor of the University of Toronto Press, for preparing all the bibliographical lists except those for New-Canadian letters.

Part I: English-Canadian Letters

I. POETRY

E. K. Brown

During the past two or three years the practising critics of Canadian poetry have been assailed by a few apologists for some of the younger poets. Two accusations have recurred. In one we are presented as so backward-looking that we have no awareness of the future. The future, it is said, will be scientific and collectivist. But the future will not be determined by science. Science does not make values. Values are in the custody of theologians, humanists, and artists. It is quite possible that the future will be collectivist in a degree that most of us on this continent find it difficult to conceive. Yet there is no reason for supposing that the arts as we have known them for millennia will perish or undergo such changes as would make them unrecognizable. They may be subject to persecution and distortion; but the arts have met those ordeals before, and have not been ruined. Despite the powerful impact on art of the society in which it is created, the essential concern of art is with the humanity, not with the political and social framework of man. To suggest that collectivism will lead to a greater kind of art or an art essentially different from what we now have is mere dreaming. From the dreaming, as from dreaming about the restoration of Laval's Canada or Durham's, admirable poems may come, but it is no basis for a criticism. The apologists may not be aware of it, but what they are assailing in the practising critics is not a hostility to collectivism, or an unawareness of its nature, but a lack of enthusiastic belief in its necessity and beauty.

In the other accusation we are presented as applying an over-lenient, and therefore implicitly insulting standard, in our criticism of Canadian poets, one that we do not or would not apply in writing of English or American poets. Here a distinction is needed for clarity. The criticism of poetry as of any art must first interpret. If in the exercise of his interpretative function a critic writes chiefly of what is genuine in a poem, what is notable, what is *there,* rather than of what is spurious, what is negligible, what is not there, his doing so need not mean that he is abandoning another of his functions, the making of judgments. Careful interpretation, conducted with insight and a measure of sympathy, must precede judgment, and in writing of recent or contemporary poets it is much wiser to make sure that one's interpretation is adequate than to press on to judgment. The history of criticism is strewn with examples of how the slighting of the critic's interpretative function has led to false and absurd judgments. The practising critics in Canada have been more concerned, in the exercise of judgment, to establish that poems are genuine than to declare that they are great. When an English critic writes of Walter de la Mare, he does not keep repeating that de la Mare's lyrics may be all very well in their way but will not bear a confrontation with Shelley's, nor does an American critic writing of Robert Frost's monologues remain in a state of nervous awareness that they do not have the rich close texture of Browning's. It is obvious to anyone that there has not been in the range of Canadian poetry anything as impressive as the best writing of the few best English and American poets of the past hundred years; but there is no reason in this to require of our practising critics that they bewail the absence of something to equal *The Waste Land.* When I say that 1948 has been a year of exciting achievement in Canadian poetry, I mean that at least half a dozen poets have brought out books in which there are genuine poems which offer delight; I do not mean that Shakespeare will be required to move over, or that the Nobel prize was awarded to Mr. Eliot only because Sweden has not heard of our strength.

II

The first thing to say about Mr. A. M. Klein's *The Rocking Chair* is that this small collection of thirty-seven poems is an important political fact.[1] The two subjects that Mr. Klein had cared to render in his earlier collections were the Jewish tradition and the somewhat segregated Jewish community in contemporary Montreal. In introducing *Hath Not a Jew . . .* Ludwig Lewisohn remarked that Mr. Klein was the most Jewish poet who had ever used the English tongue.

What Mr. Klein now renders with insight and sympathy, quite from within, is that element in our national society in which there has been the

[1]Seven of these poems had already appeared in a brochure a few years ago.

most acute prejudice against the Canadian Jew. The rocking chair is the symbol for French Canada. There are several bridges by which Mr. Klein has crossed over to become as an imaginative artist a part of the French culture in Canada. He has long delighted in Montreal—he has cared for it with a rhapsodic intensity no other Canadian poet has shown for his city. The great historic mountain is his special landscape, as necessary to his spirit as the Lake country to Wordsworth:

> And you above the city, scintillant,
> Mount Royal, are my spirit's mother,
> Almative, poitrinate!

Those strange polysyllables are extraordinarily apt; for the moment we glimpse a French poem within the English. Mr. Klein cares for all ancient cultures, especially for those which, like the Jewish and the French-Canadian, have a vigorous present and an immense promise. He cares for all religions, especially for those with elaborate and sensuous ceremonies, and an antique hierarchy. He cares with greater feeling for something that is very deep in the Catholic religion in the province of Quebec, a quality of amenity and sensitive kindness to those in trouble. "The Cripples" is an exuberant hymn of praise for Brother André and the Oratoire de St. Joseph:

> How rich, how plumped with blessing is that dome!
> The gourd of Brother André! His sweet days
> rounded! Fulfilled! Honeyed to honeycomb!

In "For the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu," with a more lyrical emotion he exclaims:

> O biblic birds,
> who fluttered to me in my childhood illnesses
> —me little, afraid, ill, not of your race,—
> the cool wing for my fever, the hovering solace,
> the sense of angels—
> be thanked, O plumage of paradise, be praised.

I have already passed far beyond the political importance of the book to the revelation of its poetic force and beauty. It is not evenly good, but in the best poems there is a bold, full utterance and a fine profusion of imagery, depending on a buoyancy and force of temperament very rare in Canadian poetry, and rare, it is right to add, in the poetry of this age, wherever written.

Mr. Klein has the richness of nature that would equip a dozen accomplished and interesting poets. That is his greatest strength. It is what links him with E. J. Pratt, to whom, in many of the most learned passages in *The Rocking Chair,* the reader's mind quickly turns in reminiscence. But suddenly Klein will strike another note, more like that of Kenneth Fearing, and here much less clear and true, the note of irony and self-distrust. The largeness of Klein's habitual utterance leads one to think that

the irony and self-distrust are external things, something the poet has found imposed upon him by the fashion of the age.

To Canadian critics who have believed that the Canadian element in a book was worth mention and analysis Mr. C. Day Lewis's introduction to *The Wounded Prince* by Mr. Douglas Le Pan is a valuable document. The closing paragraph has this passage:

> He is a Canadian. He is also in his poetic thoughts and themes a European. He is not the first poet in whom the New and the Old World have met; but I am not sure he may not be the first in whom this partnership will remain an equal one. A great deal of the imagery of *The Wounded Prince* comes from his native land. . . . When he is concerned with the landscapes of the mind, too, and with what is called "the contemporary predicament," his brooding has "the features of Horatio" [as distinct from Hamlet's]; there is a certain bluntness and dependability about the surface of his poems, a sense of largeness and open-airness and physical well-being, a tendency not to whittle down the heroic nor to wince at the sound of trumpets, qualities which derive no doubt from a New-World heritage and give to his verse its individual tang and strength.

This is admirably seized. The landscape in Mr. Le Pan's poetry is from Muskoka or the Georgian Bay, and in almost all his better poems the landscape matters. It is vigorously realized, and congruent with the mood. In "Canoe-Trip" he passes from landscape to reflection, to what should be called in Herbert Read's term "felt thought":

> What word of this curious country?
>
> It is good,
> It is a good stock to own though it seldom pays dividends.
> There are holes here and there for a gold-mine or a hydro-plant.
> But the tartan of river and rock spreads undisturbed,
> The plaid of a land with little desire to buy or sell.
> The dawning light skirls out its independence;
> At noon the brazen trumpets slash the air;
> Night falls, the gulls scream sharp defiance;
> Let whoever comes to tame this land, beware!
> Can you put a bit to the lunging wind?
> Can you hold wild horses by the hair?

It is difficult to end the quotation, for Mr. Le Pan's poems have a close texture, they are genuine wholes and they are packed with pleasing phrases as the clearings he speaks of are "enamelled with blueberries." His volume may not be one that the runner may read, but its obscurities are not very black, and for a poet in possession of modern techniques, he is straightforward and uncomplicated. The weakest of the poems are those whose motive is romantic love, and in such a limitation Mr. Le Pan proves himself once more a part of Canadian writing. Where imagery is compact the words are sometimes only approximately right; but when an image is elaborated Mr. Le Pan's feeling for language appears to become surer. The lyrical and reflective poems that make up *The Wounded Prince* some-

how leave an impression, partly by style, partly by tone, that Mr. Le Pan could manage a long narrative or a dramatic poem—and it is some years since any Canadian poet has made me wish that he would turn to a longer form.

The poems in *Deeper into the Forest* (a title taken from Grimm's *Tales*) are difficult, the most difficult of the year; and Mr. Roy Daniells is aware of their difficulty, and regrets it. In an appendix he offers a few notes on lines and phrases, on the pattern of the notes to *The Waste Land,* and also considers the more elusive kinds of difficulty that his poems present:

> No piece in this book is designedly or wilfully obscure, though a line here and there may seem difficult at first reading. [And at second and at third reading, no less, and not only a line, but quite often a passage, and sometimes a poem.] From the images supplied by the unconscious mind, or as was once said, by the Muse, the maker of a poem must accept those best embodying his impulse; he must shape them on the page in the fixed words provided by the language, as best he can; the result will seldom answer fully to his vision or intention. The reader is asked gently to hear, kindly to judge, to piece out imperfections with his own thoughts.

Many of the poems, especially in the section from which the collection takes its title, well from very deep in the unconscious. The store of words and images from which Mr. Daniells clothes his emotions is unusually rich: he has at his most intimate disposal not only the idiom of modern poetry and the poetry of the Renaissance but that of myth and folk-lore generally. The characteristic poems in this and other parts of the book are profound and extraordinarily anxious. The poems in lighter fashion, although they too have a note of anxiety and thus of some obscurity, will probably give more immediate pleasure than the others. It will be unfortunate if the collection comes to be judged by these more penetrable poems; for in them Mr. Daniells is simply another very clever poet. How clever, "Buffalo" will suggest. From the beginnings of civilized life in Manitoba down to the present, the buffalo, Mr. Daniells says, has been an implacable foe to progress. The close of the poem with its private message for academics runs:

> Even mighty smiths like true men must confess
> His power than theirs proved very little less
> And still he stands far out Fort Garry way
> Strong to obstruct, tenacious to delay.

Of the more difficult poems, it is with "Farewell to Winnipeg" that a reader should begin: the image of Louis Riel is at its core, and that image with its train of associations is much more easily grasped than most of those with which Mr. Daniells works. That the other parts of the book reward repeated readings, and slowly release a weight of religious and spiritual meaning I can give an assurance, but within the limits of this survey no proof.

The two main themes in Mr. L. A. MacKay's *The Ill-Tempered Lover* are passion and politics.[2] This collection undoubtedly contains the angriest poems a Canadian has published. In twenty sonnets and lyrics the poet traces the rise and then the rejection of a love. The earliest poems are so gentle that they may fairly be called idyllic; the beauty of the girl melts into mild natural backgrounds. The emotion mounts as the lover appreciates that his intense passion is not returned; now he is cast loose from his moorings, and even the pace of the poetry takes on a wild energy and freedom. In "Or as Andromede" he expresses his disquietude through a beautiful use of two Greek myths, and in the following poem, a bare quatrain, he expresses it with vigorous directness. Then in "Stript Bare, Strung up on Tiptoe" the sadistic imagery which is to dominate the remainder of the love-sequence appears with an appalling force and concentration. The denunciations begin. The intensity of the desire to belittle, to disdain, to hurt, is proof of the force of the poet's feeling. But of what feeling? What is disconcerting is that only after his rejection does the feeling become really intense. What is expressed seems rather wounded pride than wounded love. The poet seems much better able to express hatred and the related emotions than any of the elements that are usually thought to be central to love. It is difficult for the reader to participate in the poet's feeling; the imaginative effort he is invited to make is too much of a strain, above all, too protracted a strain, for the later poems in this sequence to be read as they were intended to be read.

In the political poems there is a continuous jet of satire and invective. The League of Nations was a congress of hypocrites; the Spanish policy of the democracies was crypto-fascist; the Second World War was the fault of us all; the contribution of the Canadians who remained at home during the war was insignificant; and finally, a not unexpected climax, mankind is a pretty miserable lot. There is a specifically Canadian set of satires and invectives: our literature has been dull and stupid, and our criticism worse because too benign; our national policy in the nineteen-thirties, a true mirror of our lives, was cheap, materialistic, and confused; a few Canadian types are portrayed as deluded, vulgar, and frivolous. Mr. MacKay is not of the satirists who mingle attack with advocacy. The only values I can discover are silence and having a low opinion of ourselves; and even these qualities are less admired than merely opposed to their detestable opposites. Again that defect in love that appeared in the first part of the collection is notable. The political poems abound in dexterous and vigorous passages, and some of the couplets are brilliant:

[2]The fourteen poems that made up *Viper's Bugloss*, published under the pseudonym of John Smalacombe ("Ryerson Poetry Chap-Books," no. 79, 1938) are all reprinted in this collection. Most of the other pieces are also ten years old, or more.

Why, we aim to be
The Empire's, nay, the whole world's granary.
A lofty mark, i' faith; to find our place
Just in the belly of the human race.

The final and briefest part is miscellaneous. The idyllic quality in "Hylas" has a beauty that would be noticed anywhere, and is extraordinarily pleasing after all the rages and sneers that have gone before.

The Strait of Anian, Mr. Earle Birney's new collection, does not need detailed comment since so much of it is reproduced from his earlier volumes. It is in two parts: "One Society" and "One World." Almost all the poems in the second part were in *David* (1942) or in *Now is Time* (1945), and it is good to see them restored to print. In the few poems in this part that are now collected for the first time Mr. Birney continues his commentary on the political and social signs of the times. "Man is a Snow," one of his most finely textured pieces, seems out of place. It is a poem about man, not simply political and social man, with this admirable close:

Man is a snow
that cracks the trees' red arches.

Man is a snow that winters
his own heart's cabin
where the frosted nail shrinks in the board
and pistols the brittle air
while the ferns of the lost world unfurling
crusten the useless windows.

In the first part of the volume, along with "David" and some other early pieces, Mr. Birney gathers a number of comments on Canada. The most impressive and in many ways the most satisfying of the new poems is "Prairie Counterpoint," in which there is a strong but delicate realization of the prairie landscape and atmosphere interwoven with conversational passages of great energy on the estrangement of the young generation from the land and the region. The platitude of their ambitions is rendered with a greater moderation than Mr. Birney often cares to attempt. This part of the collection is framed by two fine poems, "Atlantic Door" and "Pacific Door"; anyone who knows Mr. Birney's passion for British Columbia could foretell that the Pacific would liberate his feelings and focus his imagination and intelligence as the Atlantic could not. I am sorry to miss some poems from this collection that were in the earlier ones, especially "Joe Harris."

In "Letters in Canada: 1946" I considered at length Mr. Robert Finch's *Poems. The Strength of the Hills* is a collection twice as large, and much more than twice as finely produced, in the beautiful format of the new McClelland and Stewart series of Canadian books, the "Indian File." The new volume is as winning as the old, but so much like it in substance

and manner that I am not prompted to offer a detailed critique. Mr. Finch is one of the few living Canadian poets who often combine with mastery of form (and for his mastery scarcely any praise would be too high) a uniqueness of vision which makes his poetry for page on page a series of unexpected, moving experiences. On one point of form, but a point of importance because the device recurs in so many of his lines, I am dissatisfied. Instead of hovering about a vowel, whether for emphasis or for some unusual musical purpose, he prefers to repeat it bluntly. The blunt effect does not seem in keeping with the delicacy of the other techniques that mark his verse.

The motive of the best poems in Miss Audrey Alexandra Brown's *All Fools' Day* is expressed in "The Reaper":

> Look well, who love all lovely things,
> The hour is, but the hour has wings.

Miss Brown loves all lovely things, and looks well at them. Her poetry is essentially a capturing of moments which she values for their intensity, aware that they are on the wing, occasionally moments in her own reflection, but far more often moments in which she has responded to something outside herself. Flowers at the very start of spring, a glimpse of the sea or of a special expression in a friend's face, candles shining in a mirror, the howl and emerald eyes of a wolf (not lovely to her, this last, but remembered because of the sharpness of the impression, and the intensity of the mood that gathered about it)—it is about such sudden experiences as these have brought that her poetry achieves its most satisfying forms. In this collection there is more verse of an intellectual cast than Miss Brown had previously published; but there is not the power to make poetry of an idea, and if her intellectual passages command respect they do not rise to the intensity so often realized in the renderings of what the hour with wings had brought. Miss Ethel Kirk Grayson's *Beggar's Velvet* has some affinities with Miss Brown's verse; but where Miss Brown depends equally on image and music, Miss Grayson is as nearly a pure imagist as any Canadian now writing. Her images are delicate, highly stylized (often oriental), and profuse. They carry the best of her poems. In the parts of the collection where a subject unsuited to velvet and brocade required a barer style, the effect is much less pleasing, almost prosaic. In Mr. George Whalley's *No Man an Island,* the best of his *Poems 1939-1944* are reprinted, often with interesting changes. Most of the poems in the present collection are new. Primarily this is a record of Mr. Whalley's emotional and intellectual experiences during his years in the Navy. Many of the poems are well wrought; all are interesting; but they read as if they were only incidentally rendered in verse, and their chief values would survive in prose.

There were six additions to the "Ryerson Poetry Chap-Books." This series has been as carefully planned as anything of the kind can be; and it is no accident, one may be sure, that three of the new booklets are by established writers, one with a famous name, and the other three by poets who are as yet unknown to any broad audience and are clearly at the beginning of their careers. The title of Mr. Arthur Stringer's *New York Nocturnes* was used long ago by Charles G. D. Roberts; and it is of Roberts and Carman as they wrote in their New York years that this work reminds one. It has their soft music, Roberts' direct observation of detail, and Carman's romantic feeling. Mr. Stringer's special quality of sweetness is found once more. The larger part of Mr. John A. B. McLeish's *Not without Beauty* is given to one poem in which he evokes, without overt nostalgia, a country town on a summer night. The town is sympathetically rendered with a moving appreciation of the deserted moonlit square and of the unformed being of the youth who is the central figure. The best of the nineteen poems in Mrs. Lenore Pratt's *Midwinter Thaw* are pictures of the Newfoundland landscape. Of the three younger poets, Miss Margaret Coulby is the most obviously promising, and has made the greatest progress towards a poetic style adequate for her needs. There is a striking and imaginative personality in *The Bitter Fruit,* and in some of the poems a fine feeling for structure. In *Myssium,* by Mr. Albert Levine, there is more sharpness of perception and more vigour of intelligence. But in style and structure his poems are less mature. In Miss Genevieve Bartole's *Figure in the Rain* there are two intersting poems, and "Canadian Farmer," although uneven like everything else in the booklet, has lines of power.

In *Omar from Nishapur,* with a due mixture of the humorous and the grimly serious, Dr. Vere Jameson presents a supposed recantation of the *Rubáiyát*. Much of it is delightful, but there was only one FitzGerald. One can no more vie with him than with Milton.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

Birney (Earle), The Strait of Anian: selected poems (Toronto, Ryerson, viii, 84 pp., $2.50). Brown (A. A.), All fools' day (Toronto, Ryerson, viii, 56 pp., $2.25). Coleman (M. G.), Tapestry (Victoria, the author, 1272 Reynolds Rd., 1947, 11 pp.). Cormack (B. V.), Ruth: a tale of new beginnings (Edmonton, Commercial Printers for the author, 23 pp., 50c.). Dakin (Laurence), Tancred, Prince of Salerno (Toronto, Dent, x, 58 pp., $2.50). Daniells (Roy), Deeper into the forest (Indian file books, no. 1; Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, 76 pp., $2.50). Davidson (Fisher), Dominion and other poems (Toronto, the author, 14 Cumberland St., 45 pp., $1.50). Finch (Robert), The strength of the hills (Indian file books, no. 2; Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, 132 pp., $2.75). Gleave (T. B.), Come rest awhile (Toronto, the author, 12 Alhambra Ave., 48 pp.). Grayson (E. K.), Beggar's velvet (Toronto, Ryerson, vi, 42 pp., $2.25). Haynes (L. N.), Coming my way? ed. and selected by Carl Eayrs (Ottawa, Tower Books, x, 99 pp., $1.50). Hopper (A. E.), Composite cargo (Ottawa, Tower Books, 43 pp.). Jameson (Vere), Omar from Nishapur; with illustrations by Selwyn Dewdney (n.p.,

36 pp.). JAQUES (EDNA), Hills of home (Toronto, Allen, xii, 80 pp., $1.25). JOSEPH (A. C.), AL PAT *pseud.*, Roger: a collection of verse & yarns from "the troops"; pt. 2 (Toronto, the author, 304 Brunswick Ave., 1947, 46 pp., 50c.). KLEIN (A. M.), The rocking chair and other poems (Toronto, Ryerson, viii, 56 pp., $2.25). LACEY (G. M.), On reeds from Niso's stream (Boston, Bruce Humphries; Toronto, Ryerson, 88 pp., $2.75). LAYTON (IRVING), Now is the place (New writers series, no. 6; Montreal, First Statement, 58 pp., $1.25). LE PAN (DOUGLAS), The wounded prince and other poems; introduction by C. DAY LEWIS (London, Eng., Chatto & Windus; Toronto, Oxford, viii, 39 pp., $1.50). MACKAY (L. A.), The ill-tempered lover and other poems (Toronto, Macmillan, viii, 72 pp., $2.00). NEEDLER (G. H.), The Battleford column: versified memories of a Queen's Own corporal in the Northwest Rebellion, 1885 (Montreal, Provincial Publishing Co., 92 pp., ill.). RUARK (FLETCHER), Mosaic and other poems (Walkerville, Ont., the author, Box 106, x, 157 pp.). RYERSON POETRY CHAP-BOOKS, The bitter fruit and other poems, by M. E. COULBY (8 pp., 60c.); Figure in the rain, by GENEVIEVE BARTOLE (7 pp., 50c.); Midwinter thaw, by LENORE PRATT (12 pp., 60c.); Myssium, by A. N. LEVINE (8 pp., 60c.); New York nocturnes, by ARTHUR STRINGER (12 pp., 75c.); Not without beauty, by J. A. B. MCLEISH (8 pp., 60c.) (Toronto, Ryerson). SASKATCHEWAN POETRY SOCIETY, The Saskatchewan poetry book, 1948-49 (Regina, the Society, 2514A, 15th Ave., 39 pp.). SMITH (A. J. M.) ed., The book of Canadian poetry: a critical and historical anthology; rev. ed. (Chicago, University of Chicago Press; Toronto, Gage, xxiv, 487 pp., $5.00). SMITH (NORMA), The hill and far away (Halifax, Imperial Publishing Co., 60 pp., 75c.). TUPPER (C. A.), The gleaming edge; with a foreword by THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS (Foxboro, Ont., the author, Box 45, 1947, 39 pp., $1.00). WHALLEY (GEORGE), No man an island (Toronto, Clarke Irwin, viii, 72 pp., $1.50).

II. FICTION

CLAUDE T. BISSELL

By reason of his first two books, Mr. Hugh MacLennan had firmly established himself as one of the more impressive contemporary Canadian novelists. Although I do not think that Mr. MacLennan's third novel, *The Precipice,* which appeared in 1948, will add to his stature, it demands extended comment if only for the insight it gives us into the development of a serious and intelligent writer.

In many ways, *The Precipice* is Mr. MacLennan's most involved and elaborately designed novel. His first novel, *Barometer Rising,* leaned heavily upon a plot that was ingenious but rather transparently contrived. In his second novel, *Two Solitudes,* the emphasis changed, broadly speaking, from plot to theme. Here Mr. MacLennan was concerned with the conflict between two races; he was trying to write a sort of twentieth-century parable that would supply an answer to Lord Durham's famous indictment of the "two nations warring in the bosom of a single state." In his latest novel, Mr. MacLennan is, if anything, more concerned with theme, or more accurately, with a set of ideas, than he was in *Two Solitudes.* From the point of view of pure story-telling, *The Precipice* is the least successful, the least adroitly sustained, of Mr. MacLennan's three novels. We have nothing, for instance, to match the splendid first part of *Two Solitudes,* the moving story of Athanase Tallard's struggle to achieve a

reconciliation between his ancestral heritage and his realistic acceptance of the new age. Reduced to its simplest elements, *The Precipice* is the story, familiar alike to movie-goer and to reader of magazine fiction, of how the small-town girl is wooed by the glamorous hero from the big city, of how they are married, and of how their marriage follows the common pattern of early rapture, of mounting tension, and of eventual reconciliation. But a summary of plot is rarely fair to the work of any novelist, and certainly it is not fair to *The Precipice*. For, as I have already suggested, the heart of the novel lies in the working out of theme, in the interrelationship of incident and character with a set of ideas. We might begin by describing some of the main ideas that Mr. MacLennan has attempted to weave into the fabric of the novel.

Most obvious is Mr. MacLennan's concern with what we might call the "national idea." Even in *Barometer Rising,* whose setting throughout is Halifax and whose characters are aggressively Nova Scotian in outlook, the hero speculates occasionally on the possible emergence of a national Canadian type. In *Two Solitudes* this interest in the national idea is much more central, much more organically related to the plot. When the novelist-hero of *Two Solitudes* says that it is the task of the Canadian writer to dig beneath the surface of the national life and to uncover those values and ideas that are distinctively Canadian, we may be sure, I think, that we are listening to Mr. MacLennan's reflections on his own artistic mission. In *The Precipice* he resumes this search for the national idea. This time the search is far more carefully organized and is conducted on a wider front. He looks outside Canada for a centre of reference and he finds it, as one might expect, in the United States.

The first long section of the novel is set in a small southern Ontario town, which Mr. MacLennan calls Grenville. The next three sections have their locale chiefly in New York City. The final section takes us back again to Grenville, although the climactic scene occurs in Chicago. The action is spaced out over the years between the time of Munich and the close of the Second World War. This shifting back and forth between Canada and the United States enables Mr. MacLennan to use the device of comparison and contrast as a means of isolating and analysing national qualities. In the process the characters are made to say a good many shrewd things about the national characteristics of the two countries. Here, for instance, the hero, Stephen Lassiter, a young American, a frustrated engineer turned business man, contrasts the two peoples: "I'd like to see this country get stirred up about something to find out what goes on underneath. Because a lot must go on. Jim Craig told me how many of your people were killed in the war. A thing like that means something. Myself, I like a dramatic country, and most of the United States is dramatic. There's something crazy and dangerous about it, but it makes you feel alive. . . . But Canadians are not soft either. I've found out you don't dent easily. You're

just different—as if you'd never got started somehow. You don't make the money you should because you don't think big enough. You're too content to take what people give you. You're too polite." But the analysis of the national idea is not limited to random essay-like comment. It contributes to the central dramatic crisis, the growing cleavage between Stephen and his wife, Lucy, who had been born in Grenville and had lived there until her marriage. Lucy begins to wonder whether as a Canadian she can sympathize with the American urge for power and money to which her husband is by no means immune. For "in a small country," she reflects, "contentment was easier to achieve because there were always limits." When Lucy returns to her old home in Grenville, a town that, in the first section of the novel, is a symbol of the pettiness, the puritanical distrust of beauty that corrodes so much of Canadian life, we have the feeling that she is entering not a prison, but a quiet and pleasant retreat where she finds it possible to loaf and invite her soul.

I have said that Mr. MacLennan's pursuit of the national idea is the most obvious aspect of the theme. Here Mr. MacLennan is always interesting and usually clear, although I should add that by pitting a small Canadian town against the great American metropolis he has rendered his contrast a good deal less convincing than it might have been. But all this is subsidiary to his dominant theme, which is nothing less than an analysis of the spiritual malaise of American civilization, a tracing of the route that has led us all to the brink of the precipice. Now much of what Mr. MacLennan tells us here is clear enough and has been said before in a variety of ways. We recognize a good many actors in this tragicomedy: the young intellectuals who know all the answers and are content once they have explained away the evils of society; the cynical and amoral malefactors of great power—in the novel they are symbolized by an advertising executive—who batten on the stupidities and vulgarities of their fellows; the practical men, contemptuous of ideas, who are destroyed by the tensions that their own skills have created. But all this, Mr. MacLennan seems to be saying, is merely the symptom of the disease. And it is the diagnosis of the disease that I, personally, find unconvincing and difficult to relate to character and action. As nearly as I can discover, the diagnosis is something like this: as the result of our Calvinist background, we are all creatures afflicted with a guilt-complex, seeking in vain to atone for some nameless, ancestral sin.

To discuss the implications of this message would take us far afield. I should like to limit myself now to a few comments on Mr. MacLennan's powers to communicate these ideas and impressions in the form of the novel. Stimulating and thoughtful as *The Precipice* is at times, I do not think it can be called a successful work of art. The characters are too insubstantial and the situations too trite to support the weight of comment and analysis. Mr. MacLennan is a conservative in matters of technique;

he is the omniscient author who insists upon telling us all, and who can sum up a character in a paragraph of confident generalization. I have no objection to this method, which has been used by some of the acknowledged masters of fiction, but for a novelist of too didactic a mind, it has obvious dangers. And Mr. MacLennan is a didactic novelist, a self-conscious, intellectual novelist, who carefully prepares and arranges his material, who is blessed with a discerning eye, a capacity for patient social research, and a store of lively ideas, but who has not yet, with the exception of the first part of *Two Solitudes,* shown a power to fuse the various elements in prose fiction—character, incident, and theme—into an imaginative unity.

A high degree of imaginative unity is achieved in one novel of the year, in Henry Kreisel's *The Rich Man.* Mr. Kreisel, unlike Mr. MacLennan, is not concerned with (one might say, is not limited by) a theme that arises directly out of a Canadian background. For most of the novel he has obviously drawn upon his early life in Vienna, but with this he has fused an amazingly sure understanding of the Canadian scene. The novel opens in Toronto, to which the hero, Jacob Grossman, had come as a young immigrant from eastern Europe thirty-three years ago and where he has worked continuously ever since as a presser in a large clothing factory. The opening scenes—these are later supplemented by a number of passages in which Jacob recalls the faded drama of the past—firmly establish the pattern of the Canadian years. Those years have brought little except a joyless and precariously sustained economic security. For a complete release from his bondage Jacob must look vicariously to the career of his son, for whose education in the medical school of the University he has made heroic sacrifices. Now that his responsibilities towards his family have been discharged, there remains, however, one supreme pleasure that lies immediately within his grasp: with his small savings, he can return to Europe to see his own people—his aged mother and his three sisters and their families—and to visit the grave of his father. In the eyes of his daughter, the idea is fantastic, a blasphemous denial of the sound, unimaginative principles by which his life has been hitherto ordered. But Jacob has caught a vision in which the pious duty of an only son can join harmoniously with a longing for romantic escape. During a few weeks he can forget the innumerably petty vexations of his day-to-day existence and dedicate himself to a life of ease and apparent affluence. Unfortunately, Jacob enters so completely into his new role that he loses sight of the distinction between illusion and reality. When he arrives in Vienna and meets his family, the illusion has triumphed; he has become "the rich man" who has magically emerged from a past spent in a fabulous land far beyond the seas. But, like all illusions, this is one that must inevitably collapse before the inflexible facts of reality. The Vienna to which he comes is the Vienna of 1935, caught in the grip of unemployment and

depression and living under the shadow of Nazi Germany. Moreover, once the initial joy of seeing his family again is over, he finds himself caught up in a series of tragic domestic events. The narrative now focusses upon Jacob's youngest sister, Shaendl, her sensitive, scholarly husband, Albert, and their two attractive young sons. In marrying Albert, a man of disturbing, unorthodox ideas and with an uncertain economic future, Shaendl has run counter to the most solemn family principles. But the sense of family unity is so strong that even Shaendl's defection cannot shatter it. When Albert is killed in an accident and Shaendl is left a penniless widow with two sons and a new-born baby, the family turns naturally for help to the rich relative from Canada. It is now that Jacob must emerge painfully from the world of illusions in which he has been living. But so successfully has he created and sustained that world that he cannot now convince his family of its pathetic falsity. Only Shaendl, in her wisdom and compassion, will believe him when he says that he too is a poor man. In the final scene of the novel we see Jacob as he stands at the open window of the train, waving goodbye to his mother and the family. And he is tortured by the thought that, whatever explanation is given to his mother, she will suffer great pain: to her he will be either the rich son who has callously refused to help his family at a time of great need or the boastful son who has sought by his lies to gild over his insignificance and his poverty.

The Rich Man is, then, a deeply moving story of how a prosaic, middle-aged man reached out with pathetic eagerness for a happiness that, in the very nature of things, he could never enjoy. The prose style is well adapted to the subject-matter and theme: it is simple, direct and aims at precision of statement rather than at depth of suggestion. Mr. Kreisel is, I suppose, a realist, but he is a realist who adheres to a principle of selectivity in his handling of detail and who believes that human tenderness is no less significant in the total scheme of things than human depravity. Certainly, however, this is in no sense a novel that carries a message of breezy assurance: we are left at the end with a feeling of the intermingling in life of pain and pleasure, of the gallantry and, at the same time, the pitiful weakness of human nature.

But *The Rich Man* is more than the story of one man and his family. It is also a parable of the human spirit, a thoughtful criticism of life. I do not mean by this that Mr. Kreisel lards his novel with solemn discussions of man's fate. (There are a few of these and they are certainly not the most memorable passages in the book.) Nor do I mean that he is deeply concerned about political and social issues. (He is certainly not unmindful of them, but they underlie rather than precipitate the main crises.) I mean simply that he has had a clear perception of the complex irony of human life and has shaped his material so that each incident is a concrete embodiment of a central idea. This is a novel, in short, where the critical intelligence works harmoniously with gifts of observation and expression.

In one respect, however, the idea does not find its appropriate embodiment. I refer to the treatment of the modernistic picture that Jacob, in a moment of rash paternalistic affluence, buys from the young French artist whom he meets aboard ship. Our attention is drawn to the picture with significant emphasis several times throughout the novel. The last sentence describes how as the train moves out of Vienna into open country, Jacob opens his portmanteau, discovers the picture that he thought he had left behind, and flings it into the darkness of the night. Obviously Mr. Kreisel wants us to attach a special symbolical value to the picture; Jacob's final gesture is meant to illuminate the complex pattern of past events. But I do not think that here Mr. Kreisel secures the effect at which he is aiming. The difficulty lies, it seems to me, in the clashing variety of meanings that the picture has. To Jacob's family it is a symbol of careless wealth; only a rich man would squander thirty dollars on such a palpable absurdity. To Jacob, who neither understands nor appreciates it, it is a symbol of the exotic world of which he has been given a glimpse. The picture itself—an abstract impression of the impersonal, soul-less *entrepreneur* of the modern world—has an obvious social significance for the more thoughtful characters in the novel. The first two meanings merge easily enough in our minds, but the third one remains unassimilated and we are left with a sense of a partial failure to achieve artistic completeness.

A much less serious and impressive novel than *The Rich Man,* but, within its limitations, a diverting and successful book, is Mr. A. J. Elliott's *The Aging Nymph.* In this novel, Mr. Elliott has turned to good account his experiences with a Canadian battalion during the Italian campaign in the Second World War. But *The Aging Nymph* is only accidentally a war novel. Mr. Elliott has fixed upon a brief rest period that the regiment enjoys in a picturesque southern Italian town, and a carnival atmosphere prevails throughout. Moreover, he devotes more of his pages to the Italian civilians than he does to the Canadian warriors. The dominating figure is the Marchese, a shrewd, cynical, cultivated old lady who exercises a benevolent despotism over the life of the town; and the central intrigue concerns her troubled relationship to her ineffectual nephew, Cosimo, and his wife, Magda, a lady who explosively unites a rich variety of physical charms with a primitive gospel of pleasure. The Canadians are only tenuously related to the central intrigue. A Canadian officer has a brief, unrefined love-affair with Magda. Another Canadian officer—we might describe him as the "male lead"—is "adopted" by the Marchese and falls swiftly and inexplicably in love with her young niece. For the rest, the Canadians figure prominently in a number of minor upheavals: with irreverent speed they transform the Marchese's ancient and historic *castello* into a barracks; they are deeply involved in the theft and consumption of a highly valued bullock; they lodge indelicate protests against the sanitary conditions in the town.

The Marchese's attitude towards life—amused, objective, mischievously ironic—is also the author's attitude towards his material. He strives to maintain a tone of light, satirical comedy, and, to this end, largely disregards characterization and descriptive background, and relies heavily on dialogue. Almost all his characters are endowed with an admirable fluency in conversation and manage to maintain a uniform level of sprightly facetiousness. At times—the occasional touches of erudition help a little here—the reader may hear faintly and as from a distance the accents of Norman Douglas in *South Wind*.

The Aging Nymph would have been a more satisfying novel if Mr. Elliott had forgotten about his light opera plot, played down his papier-mâché Italian aristocrats, and concentrated upon the Canadians and "the sparkling excitement" that their brief sojourn brought to the town. His picture of the Canadian soldier at ease is uniformly delightful. At one extreme of the military hierarchy is the Colonel, burly, hard-drinking, and insensitive, but with a gift for making swift decisions and for securing the efficient co-operation of his underlings. At the other extreme is the Q.M.'s driver, a licensed individualist, a swaggering buccaneer in battle-dress, who can penetrate the topsoil of language and social convention and speedily reach the hard rock of human nature. It is to be hoped that in his next novel Mr. Elliott will more fully exploit this attractive realistic vein.

Another first novel that merits more than passing reference is Miss Helen Guiton's *A Country Lover*. This is a simple tale in which the action rarely moves outside of a small French-Canadian rural settlement in northern Quebec. Miss Guiton has a strong affection for her characters and their way of life, and strives to mirror her point of view in a style that has something of the pleasing naïveté of the folk story. The book, however, suffers from a divided purpose, and consequently leaves a blurred and unsatisfying impression. The author has not clearly decided whether she is writing a tragic story of idyllic love shattered by the hard blows of circumstances or a placid account of day-to-day life in a small, primitive community. She lingers sentimentally over what was meant to be the tragic catastrophe of the novel, and, by her too careful attention to the little rites of the farm and of the community, she impedes, rather than strengthens, the course of the narrative.

Of the three historical novels that appeared during 1948, two, *The Fur Masters* by Alan Sullivan, and *The Village of Souls,* by Philip Child, do not properly belong to a review of this year's work. *The Fur Masters,* which was first published in 1938, has merely reappeared in a new edition, and hence does not require any extended comment. But *The Village of Souls,* which was first published in England in 1933, has remained almost entirely unknown in this country until Ryerson had the good sense to bring out a Canadian edition. Critical comment is thus long overdue. Professor Malcolm MacKenzie Ross, Department of English, University of Manitoba, has kindly written the following review of *The Village of Souls.*

"This is a tale of seventeenth-century French Canada. But though Mr. Child has made skilful use of the period documents and has achieved a sufficient impression of the time and the place, *The Village of Souls* is not primarily a 'historical novel.' Unlike Mr. Raddall, who gets strong if simple epic effect by placing a significant event in the foreground, Mr. Child works on stairlike levels, subordinating time to place, place to person, person to theme. The theme is not ultimately historical or 'national' at all, but consists in a romantic statement of what I can only call 'psychological geography,' the fitness of persons for place and, in consequence of this, for each other.

"A brief account of the narrative would be unjust. There are compelling story moments—the torture of the Mohawk at Ville Marie, the Huron sorcerer's frenzied, faltering exorcism of the pestilence, the saintly death of Father Bernard. But it is astonishing to what an extent Child conveys an *illusion* of motion and event in the tireless voyaging of Jornay's canoe through a monotony of forest, somehow satisfying the reader's expectation of action without overlaying or interrupting the main thematic development.

"The central characters are Jornay, the *coureur-de-bois,* who claims high birth but who knew in France only the low life of the Cours de Miracles; Lys, the 'lady of quality,' of lowly origin and questionable history, who has been forced into Canadian exile by an irate lover; Titange, the Métis, half French and all Indian, who is the incarnation of every opposal to the mixing of races; Anne, the dark child of the forest, who is possessed by a dream-memory of the Cross and tall seaships which suggests at once her origin and her destiny. All these characters are alive, if not always credible, and one of them, Anne, is fully and excitingly realized.

"Through his love for Lys, Jornay consummates and consumes his yearning for courtliness, while Lys takes on something of Jornay's forest strength—enough, at least, to gain for herself a sacrificial wisdom and a passport to the Village of Souls, the legendary place of the dead. Her part is to discharge Jornay's restless fancy of himself, and to liberate him for life with Anne, his 'new found land.' Titange, the half-breed symbol of the barrier between Jornay and Anne, is destroyed as the thematic resolution is effected. Of particular interest here is Child's psychological exploitation of the dream image and the tribal myth. But unfortunately, the ambitious symbolism of the novel is sometimes held down by disturbing historical statement or undertone. Thus Titange, on one level at least, is no more than a walking slander on the Métis, while Anne's dream of Cross and ship, hinting as it does at a European parentage for her, nearly descends to racial snobbery. We are reminded, surely, of the fictional desert sheikh who is discovered to be the long-lost child of a British earl—and just in time to make possible his marriage with the pure-white American

heiress! Child does not mean this kind of thing, but he does not always avoid suggesting it.

"However, this is a readable and often captivating book. It deserves a substantial public in Canada, and its earlier success in England would seem to argue that its interest is by no means parochial."

Our third historical novel, *Red River Shadows* by Olive Knox, has as its background the early years of the Red River Settlement between 1818 and 1849. Like Sullivan's *The Fur Masters,* it makes use of the historical tensions set up by the systematic exploitation of the North-West by the fur-traders. But the tensions are not, as in Sullivan's novel, between the two great fur-trading companies, but between the newly consolidated Hudson's Bay Company, on the one hand, and the Scottish settlers and the Métis, on the other. Mrs. Knox is not a faithful student in the school of historical fiction of which Mr. Sullivan was such a distinguished graduate: the school of lush romanticism, which ordains that the novel should have a background of sweeping historical events and of massive figures lifted intact from the pages of familiar text-books and a foreground of strong, uncomplicated emotions and of rich, rhetorical descriptions of natural scenery. Mrs. Knox uses a more closely knit, realistic method, in which the fictional and historical characters merge into a common background and in which there is a multiplicity of homely detail and incident. She does not, however, disdain the use of the sensational; in *Red River Shadows* the persevering reader will get his full quota of violence, catastrophe, and sudden death. The result is that, while sacrificing the clear outlines of such a novel as *The Fur Masters,* she gains no compensating depth and allusiveness. The novel is largely an accumulation of events embedded in a simple medium of time. Granted that a conflict is set up early in the novel between two characters and is stolidly maintained until death intervenes to resolve the tension, still it is a conflict conceived in terms of the simplest hero-villain antithesis.

Although Samuel Alexander White's *Flaming Fur Lands* is not a historical novel, it is more closely related in subject-matter and method of treatment to the novels just dealt with than it is to any of the other novels of the year. Here again we are in the realm of simple, primitive conflicts against a background of elemental natural forces. This time, love and hate burn with a hard, gemlike flame in the barren wastes of Labrador. Crudely conceived and at times awkwardly written, the book, nevertheless, conveys a curious, nightmarish effect of humanity dwarfed and all but obliterated in a cruel and desolate land.

The didactic school of fiction has yielded two novels during the year under review, *Yonder Shining Light* by Marian Keith and *Red Sepulchre* by Peter Simonds. Both Miss Keith and Mr. Simonds manifest a common loyalty to the two cardinal dogmas of the school: a novel should contain a solid pellet of instruction, and should aim at broad, uncomplicated effects. The two brands of instruction favoured by the authors are,

however, entirely different. Miss Keith's emphasis is on the moral and religious. She tells the story of the daughter of a rural Ontario clergyman, who, after succumbing to what seems like an innocent form of secularism at the university and, later, in the business world, recovers her faith in prayer, and through this faith achieves both a new contentment and the happy resolution of her romantic dreams. I doubt very much whether Miss Keith is convinced that she has hit upon the stuff of a great moral drama, for she devotes large chunks of the novel to pleasant accounts of the daily trials and excitements in the rural community. Mr. Simonds' emphasis, on the other hand, is grimly political, and there can be little doubt of the earnestness with which he presses home his message. The book purports to be based on a diary kept by an R.C.A.F. officer, in civilian life an R.C.M.P. constable, who is one of a party of air force officers who escape from a POW column in Germany during the dying moments of the Second World War and make their way through Russian-held territory to Archangel. The dash for freedom becomes a prolonged, nightmarish trek. The Russian soldiers they meet are either cool, efficient destroyers or savage, inhuman barbarians. In addition, a dangerous cleavage based upon political sympathies appears within their own ranks. A hard little core of radicalism develops and threatens to break down the morale of the group. The radicals consist of two American Communists, hard, unlovely characters indeed, and one British Labourite, an effeminate, lisping "little beggar" who is, in theory, a pacifist and, in practice, a coward. One of the Communists subsequently undergoes a change of heart and resolves "to get into a good trade and give himself a little home and bring up a small family under our capitalist system back home." But the two others remain unrepentant. In the final scene the Communist promises his English crony that he will regiment the American party in the cause of British socialism. As can be seen, Mr. Simonds does not rely upon subtlety for his effects—a good many readers will add that, in his yoking together of Communism and the British Labour movement, he does not rely upon obvious political facts. The value of the book consists exclusively in what I presume to be its documentary account of Russian atrocities.

There remain to be noted two books, Angeline Hango's *Truthfully Yours* and Morley Callaghan's *The Varsity Story,* that occupy the shadowy border land of fiction to which we consign prose narratives of uncertain design and purpose. Mme. Hango's book was the winner of a $500 prize, and this seems to me to be the only substantial distinction that the book possesses. It is the account of the vicissitudes of a French-Canadian family in small-town Quebec society, of Papa, who is a drunkard but lovable withal, of Mama, who is noble and quaintly enterprising, and of two daughters, who are at once sweetly innocent and precociously adept in the ways of the world. The story is told by one of the sisters in the form of a prolonged and rambling reminiscence and with a coy and kittenish artlessness that I found increasingly distasteful.

It is doubtful if Mr. Morley Callaghan, one of our most distinguished writers, meant us to draw comparisons and contrasts between *The Varsity Story* and those of his earlier novels that also have a Toronto setting. For this is a novel with certain deliberately imposed limitations much of whose appeal springs from the pleasant shock of recognition that will come to readers who have been students at the University of Toronto. Any wider interest will depend on the extent to which Mr. Callaghan has made the University a microcosm of one aspect of Canadian society or, more accurately, of one aspect of the Canadian mind. Mr. Callaghan, like his hero, Arthur Tyndall, is in search of the principle of unity, the clarifying central idea of the University. Tyndall, a native of New Zealand and a graduate of Oxford, had come to Canada with naïve presuppositions about "the vigour and passion" that should logically belong to a people living in a country of such rugged scenic beauty. After a few months in Toronto he is convinced that these are the very qualities that the University, at least, does not possess, that a Toronto man can be defined only by his negative characteristics. And yet there is an elusive quality about the diverse, complex University life that excites Tyndall's inquiring mind. Further research raises questions and cracks the smooth surface of his early assumptions. He uncovers examples of that very passion whose general absence he had deplored—in, for instance, an elderly professor who has grown bitter and sardonic over the failure of the University to provide an adequate residence life, in the many research scholars single-mindedly pursuing their lonely quest for truth. And he finds also—this is the climactic illumination—that the individual is not drowned in the sea of anonymity, that the University can foster a feeling of the uniqueness and power of the human personality.

I suspect that Mr. Callaghan would have been more at ease with his subject if he had written a series of descriptive and reflective sketches and had not attempted to create characters, and to sustain a continuous narrative. The characters, some, like the hero, fictional, and some taken from actual life, are creaky makeshifts who illustrate the very "failure of imagination" that Tyndall complains of in the Canadian scene. The plot, if one may call it such, involves, in addition to Tyndall's central quest, two pallid romances, one of which is conducted exclusively by correspondence. Perhaps these elements are part of a total ironic pattern—in which case, I think, Mr. Callaghan has purchased subtlety at a very high price.

It is abundantly clear, then, that 1948 has not been one of the more memorable years in Canadian fiction. Even critics who assess the virility of Canadian literature by the bold device of counting published volumes should find no cause for jubilation. For the year saw the publication of only ten novels, a number far below even the average of the preceding ten years. The bright side of the picture was the appearance of Henry Kreisel's *The Rich Man,* whose very considerable merits I have tried to

suggest. The steady emergence of a few young novelists of integrity and of imaginative power is the most reassuring development in Canadian fiction. In 1947, you will recall, Mr. W. H. Mitchell's *Who Hath Seen the Wind,* a first novel, occupied a similar place in the year's work to that occupied in 1948 by *The Rich Man.* As long as such novels are being written, we need not despair about the failure of the imagination in Canada. Indeed it is not imprudent to speculate about a not-too-distant *annus mirabilis* that will make the preparation of this review less of a dutiful progression through familiarly drab surroundings and more a voyage of delighted discovery.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

CALLAGHAN (MORLEY), The Varsity story; ill. by ERIC ALDWINCKLE, O.S.A. (Toronto, Macmillan, viii, 172 pp., $2.50). CHILD (PHILIP), The village of souls; drawings by W. ROLOFF BENY; new ed. (Toronto, Ryerson, viii, 294 pp., $3.25). *DAVIDSON (L. J.) and *BLAKE (FORRESTER) eds., Rocky Mountain tales; ill. by SKELLY (Norman, Okla., University of Oklahoma Press, 1947, 316 pp., $3.00). ELLIOTT (A. J.), The aging nymph (Toronto, Collins, iv, 252 pp., $3.00). GUITON (HELEN), A country lover; ill. by JEAN SIMARD (Toronto, Dent, viii, 256 pp., $3.00). HANGO (ANGELINE), Truthfully yours; ill. by ERIC THOM (Toronto, Oxford, viii, 144 pp., $3.00). KEITH (MARIAN), Yonder shining light (Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, viii, 278 pp., $3.00). KNOX (OLIVE), Red River shadows (Toronto, Macmillan, xii, 303 pp., $3.00). KREISEL (HENRY), The rich man (Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, 263 pp., $3.00). MACLENNAN (HUGH), The precipice (Toronto, Collins, x, 372 pp., $3.00). MEEK (G. C.), The devil's punch bowl (Edmonton, Institute of Applied Art, 1947, $2.00). SIMONDS (PETER), Red sepulchre: a story of adventure behind the Iron Curtain (Montreal, Adanac Press, 391 pp., $3.00). SULLIVAN (ALAN), The fur masters; new ed. (New York, Coward-McCann; Toronto, Longmans Green, vi, 244 pp., $1.49). WEES (F. S.), Someone called Maggie Lane (Philadelphia, Macrae-Smith; Toronto, American News Co., 1947, 244 pp., $2.35). WHITE (S. A.), Flaming fur lands (Toronto, Ryerson, vi, 153 pp., $2.50).

III. DRAMA — VINCENT TOVELL

Two volumes of dramatic material were added to our still very small list during the year: *A Play on Words and Other Radio Plays* by Lister Sinclair and *These English* by Bernard Braden. Mr. Sinclair's anthology includes twelve of his early well-known scripts (excellently arranged for the general reader without knowledge of broadcasters' jargon), all of which were produced by Andrew Allan for the C.B.C. between 1944 and 1946. It makes available two interesting monologues ("Epitaph on a War of Liberation" and "No Scandal in Spain") and a new verse version of "Oedipus the King" which, among others in the volume, are suitable for stage as well as radio production, and a variety of scripts that show very well the uncommon range and technical ingenuity of one of the ablest radio writers on this continent. This collection, Mr. Sinclair's first, has already been placed among the classics in its field, and it deserves the attention of radio students. It is valuable too as a partial record of the

experiments that were made a few years ago by a remarkable group of artists and Mr. Andrew Allan in the C.B.C.'s Toronto studios. A volume to follow, containing some of Mr. Sinclair's more recent plays and examples of his critical writing, would now be welcome. Bernard Braden's twelve sketches of contemporary life in England, produced under the series title "These English" for the C.B.C. by Andrew Allan, were very successful radio reports, and now Mr. Braden has made them available for reading in a transcribed form that is part drama and part narrative. The material has not suffered at all in the process. It is lightly and entertainingly treated and Mr. Braden proves to be as good a story-teller in a book as he is on the air. John A. Hall has added some attractive illustrations to the volume.

It is impossible to base any general impression of Canadian radio drama in 1948 on the scripts that came from the C.B.C. files this year. A good many bold and successful experiments were made on its "Wednesday Night" series but only a few of its scripts come within the scope of this survey. We note Mavor Moore's charming fantasy based on an Indian legend, "The Great Flood" (July 28), and Larry Henderson's vivid account of an incident at the court of Cesare Borgia based on Niccolo Machiavelli's own reports, entitled "Il Bellissimo Inganno" (November 17). Their dramatic and literary merits are such that if a volume of plays from this series is to be printed they should certainly grace it. It is evidence of the intelligence and courage of those in charge of this series that two scripts of this calibre should be performed, and in themselves they are effective answers to the critics who would decry our publicly owned networks. Such plays would not, it is certain, be written or produced under other auspices.

Joseph Schull continued in 1948 to show that he is one of the most expert and reliable of Canadian radio writers. His three scripts for "Stage 48"—"Montrose" (April 11), a colourful historical portrait, "The Little God" (May 9), a serious fantasy on a religious theme, and a romance, "The Concert" (March 8)—again display versatility and his unusual narrative powers. From Len Peterson we received, unfortunately, only the fantasy "Olie and the Troll," an amusing story filled with mischievous fun, and from Tommy Tweed only a characteristically witty illustrated travelogue "Baedeker on the Saskatchewan" (September 8) which gives us many facts and some stimulating ideas about that river. We also note a slight comedy by Robertson Davies, "Overlaid," a romantic tale, "Marya, Who Loved the Sea," by Christopher Shepherd, and an Ontario genre-sketch by Harry J. Boyle entitled "Stopover." These were produced from the Toronto studios by Esse W. Ljungh. We must mention too a group of six scripts by the French-Canadian dramatist Yves Thériault. M. Thériault's plays were introduced to English-speaking audiences by Douglas Nixon of the C.B.C.'s Vancouver studios in translations by

Arthur Mitchell. They are noteworthy as departures from the conventional types of drama familiar to radio audiences; their domestic situations are simple and usually familiar, but the author uses them to express directly a moral point of view (in itself this sets him apart from most of his colleagues) and he writes in a style, more narrative than dramatic, that aims at, and sometimes effectively achieves, a romantic poetic intensity.

Since its widely publicized *première* in Kingston last summer, Robertson Davies' discussion in three acts, "Fortune, My Foe," has been talked of as an important Canadian play. Its distinction is that its theme is topical—the exportation of Canadian talent and the slowness of Canadians to develop the kind of cultural environment that Mr. Davies, among others, would like to live in. Mr. Davies' thesis (that the best of us should stay at home and let the "geniuses of easy virtue" go their ways to riches) may have local support; but in his play he has not presented it through credible characters in genuinely dramatic situations. If this topic is a tractable one for a dramatist Mr. Davies has not demonstrated the fact, and his bright talk about the subject, which is unfortunately confined mainly to questionable and unilluminating generalities, does not enable him to make his point; so that those who do not think the discussion very persuasive will find it difficult in the end to know why the hero has decided to accept what he considers the martyrdom of life in Canada, or to be pleased that he has.

Last July a new play, "The Drums are out," by John Coulter was introduced and very warmly applauded in the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. Mr. Coulter had to return to one of the world's great theatres, near his birthplace, to see his new drama on the stage and to receive an audience's just praise; and this play has still to be produced in Canada. It may be argued—it has been, endlessly, in connection with most of Mr. Coulter's work—that because he often uses Irish instances as his subjects (in this case he portrays divided loyalties in a Belfast home during the civil conflicts of the early nineteen-twenties) his plays hold little interest for a Canadian, or any but an Irish, audience. But Mr. Coulter, obviously, is not narrowed by the regionalism that inhibits some of his Canadian detractors. The human tragedy in "The Drums are out" has no insular limits, and, stage-wise, Mr. Coulter has brought it to life through vivid and interesting characters. This play is shrewdly built up to tense situations and finished with an experienced writer's polish. Because Mr. Coulter developed in the theatrical environment that was dominated by the examples of Synge and the early O'Casey it is temptingly easy—and too easy—to conclude that he is one of their disciples and can so be accounted for. Perhaps none of his plays is nearer in quality to theirs than this one, but its merits lie not in its specific similarities to the type of genre-drama that they made popular but in its own general and powerful appeal as a study of a tragic situation.

Catharine McC. Brickenden's farce-comedy in three acts *A Pig in a Poke* has already been tested before various Canadian audiences and found entertaining.[1] Only one (interior) setting is required for it, and none of the characters will be very difficult for even an inexperienced Canadian actor to play, so that there may be directors who will wish to take advantage of the acting edition of the play.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

BRADEN (BERNARD), These English; drawings by JOHN A. HALL (Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, xiv, 240 pp., $3.00). BRICKENDEN (C. McC.), A pig in a poke (Canadian playwright series; Toronto, French, 72 pp., 80c.). JONES (E. M.) ed., Canadian school plays, series one (Toronto, Ryerson, xii, 201 pp., $1.40). SINCLAIR (LISTER), A play on words & other radio plays (Toronto, Dent, xii, 298 pp., $3.50).

IV. SOCIAL STUDIES* — A. BRADY

A feature of social studies in 1948 was the wide variety of historical writing, ranging from a volume on the politics and constitution of England in the thirteenth century to histories of the Canadian Press and the Massey-Harris firm. *Politics and the Constitution, 1216-1307,* by Professor B. Wilkinson of the University of Toronto, is primarily a collection of documents selected to illustrate the forces which shaped the development of the British constitution in a crucial era. It contains a general introduction of sixty-seven pages, combined with brief introductory comments on the documents in each of the five chapters, along with a generous sprinkling of bibliographical foot-notes. The book covers territory formerly traversed by the classic *Select Charters* of Bishop Stubbs, first published in 1870. But here the selection is different, not merely in that it abridges and translates documents contained in the Stubbs volume, but because it includes other primary material illustrating the social and political forces operative at the time. Thus it is intended to illuminate not merely constitutional evolution in the narrow sense, but the struggle of powerful interests, notably those of king and barons, and the clash of political principles and ideals. The introductions and notes are precise and clear, and the book will be welcomed by undergraduates and others who seek to understand medieval England.

Less technical history is *The English-speaking Peoples* by Professors Edgar McInnis and J. H. S. Reid, which is a broad historical survey in thirty-seven chapters of the countries in the English-speaking world, opening with the revolutionary settlement of 1689. The volume deals with the data of constitutions, politics, commerce, and industry, but in the main

[1]It was performed under the author's direction in 1948 by the Simcoe Little Theatre in the Western Ontario Region of the Dominion Drama Festival where it won the Fuller Shield and the Jamieson Shield.

*The author wishes to acknowledge the assistance generously given by two colleagues, Dr. Karl Helleiner and Dr. W. T. Easterbrook.

it is narrative history, exhibiting skill and clarity. Since the range of the theme is wide, the narrative is often hurried and sketchy. The authors have not the space to stop and analyse the complex forces of politics and economics which determine the sequence of events. Likewise they have inadequate space to portray the many interesting and dominant personalities who have given political leadership. It might be complained that they have dwelt too much upon the separate evolution of these countries and too little upon the unifying elements possessed in common. They deal with political units, but these units constitute a community. We should like, for example, to read more about the ties of a common culture, in so far as a common culture exists, and about the stream of ideas and folkways which give to the English-speaking world an identity. But while the authors have not explored all such matters, they have successfully sketched out the political evolution in simple and lucid terms and discussed the principal interrelations and interactions of these countries over the last two centuries. They exhibit throughout a sense for perspective and an instinct for balance.

Among the studies dealing specifically with Canadian history the most fresh and scholarly is *Church and Sect in Canada* by Professor S. D. Clark. There have been many conventional histories of the individual churches (few perhaps of distinction), but this volume is the first that examines church and sect in their social milieu, traces their evolution under the moulding influences of a changing frontier, and examines the movements of religious protest in early Canada in relation to the movements of social protest. The separatist ethos of the sect is a cardinal interest of the author. The theme as pursued offers profound difficulties in sociological interpretation, and in some places a reader may protest that Professor Clark tries to prove too much. He writes (p. xii) that "the church has grown out of the conditions of a mature society; the sect has been a product of what might be called frontier conditions of social life." This generalization is doubtful unless a wide connotation is given to the term frontier. In sixteenth- and seventeenth-century England the sects emerged in luxuriance. One is disposed to question whether the sect, while it is doubtless influenced greatly by frontier conditions, is simply the product of these. Does it not emerge almost inexorably from a certain type of religion and theology? Is it not implicit in certain forms of Protestantism, or at any rate in Protestantism to the left? There is a good deal in Professor Clark's study to support an affirmative answer, and there is certainly much in the learned volumes of Troeltsch. Some Protestant groups have never been able to discard their sectarian ideals and sectarian tendencies, for they live by their fundamental tenets rather than by social expediency. There are other difficulties in Professor Clark's interpretation. "France," he writes, "employed the church as an instrument of imperial expansion." Might we not also say with some supporting evi-

dence that the church employed France as an instrument of ecclesiastical expansion? Causal factors in this type of history are extremely difficult to disentangle and assess. While one may question some of its generalizations, this book breaks fresh ground, and adds significantly to our knowledge of social history. The early chapters are extremely overweighted with quotations and facts culled from primary sources, and the thread of general interpretation is almost lost in the mass of detail. But such is not the case in the later chapters, where the trees are less numerous and the forest is clearer.

With Professor Clark's book may be bracketed a scholarly and readable monograph by Maurice W. Armstrong, *The Great Awakening in Nova Scotia, 1776-1809,* which treats in detail an aspect of the general subject covered by Professor Clark, namely, the sectarian enthusiasm within Nova Scotia in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, especially the ideas of the Newlights and their remarkable prophet, Henry Alline. Alline, a mystic of the frontier, repudiated all outward props to religion, and emphasized inward light and experience; under the spell of his preaching the Newlight doctrine swept through the settlements, claiming temporarily over the frontiersmen an influence that the older churches could not rival. Mr. Armstrong is a Professor of History in Ursinus College, and his volume is published under the auspices of the American Society of Church History.

Brief histories of two Canadian provinces appeared in the year. In *Historic Backgrounds of British Columbia,* Mr. T. A. Rickard presents the story of British Columbia in no narrow sense. Rather, as the title suggests, he ranges widely in area and time, touching upon the prehistoric beginnings and early aboriginal life in North America, the origins of the Russian people, Russian expansion over Siberia into North America, early Spanish interest in the Americas and Spanish expansion into the North Pacific, the origins of the English colonies, the American Revolution, and much else. Mr. Rickard has a keen feeling for the role of human personality in history, and has pertinent comments upon the leading individuals who shaped the early evolution of the province. He is not hesitant in passing judgment upon men and events, and, while his opinions will not always command acceptance, few will deny that he knows how to tell a story. He has made effective use of the Provincial Archives at Victoria, inserts in his volume interesting illustrations, but unfortunately omits an index.

Much less ambitious is *The History of Nova Scotia,* by Mr. G. G. Campbell, Principal of the Sydney Academy. It is based mainly upon secondary sources, especially the careful studies of Dr. D. C. Harvey and his associates in the Public Archives of Nova Scotia. It is a simple and unexciting narrative which relates no more than the elementary facts and devotes most space to the period prior to 1820. The book has black-and-white illustrations, maps, and a bibliography, but no index.

Harvest Triumphant, the Story of Massey-Harris by Merrill Denison deals with the centennial history of a distinguished manufacturing and trading company and the individuals who helped to create it. With its short paragraphs, easy sentences, and simple but graphic metaphors it is a highly readable book. It contains little that the expert economic historian will regard as new, and such a historian will certainly expect a more precise and revealing analysis of the relations in this industry between costs, prices, tariffs, and freight rates than is present here. Nevertheless students and others will find in it the interesting story of an industrial firm which both responded to and promoted agrarian progress on the Canadian frontier. The simpler facts of the significant technical revolution in the implements of the farm are here placed in clear perspective, with excellent pictorial illustrations (thirty-one pages in all) to support the text. This history of an industrial firm sets a high standard for its kind.

Two books appeared on the history of Canadian journalism. In *The Story of the Canadian Press,* one of its founders, Mr. M. E. Nichols, provides the first adequate description of the rise and development of the co-operative news-gathering in Canada, and for him the writing of the story has been a labour of love. He has dug out evidence from old files, drawn interesting details from the memory of newsmen and telegraphers, and linked the history of this successful co-operative venture to the necessities of a growing nation. Prior to the establishment of the Canadian Press in 1917, a regionalism of organization characterized the collection of Canadian news, with perennial wrangling over the claims and grievances of regions. Moreover the absence of an adequate news-gathering agency meant dependence upon American organizations, and their colouring of the news was often unpalatable to the Canadian public. This volume well illustrates how the Canadian Press met national needs, but it is an official history.

Mr. G. V. Ferguson, editor of the *Montreal Daily Star* and for nineteen years intimately associated with John W. Dafoe on the *Winnipeg Free Press,* has written a brief but fascinating study of his former chief, wherein insight and humour are present. *John W. Dafoe* is not strictly a biography but a memoir which illuminates the driving ideas in Dafoe's life, his methods of work in the craft of journalism, and his influence on the Canada of his time. Mr. Ferguson emphasizes that Dafoe is not to be taken as a typical editor. He was in fact remarkably untypical, and not least of all in the manner whereby he built himself into a singular relationship with the masterful proprietor of his newspaper, who left him in unchallenged control of editorial policy. A swift sketch of Dafoe's career is given, from his humble beginnings on an Ontario farm to his dominant influence on liberal politics in western Canada. The Methodism of his upbringing became secularized into an evangelical liberalism, which had no less inflexibility and stubbornness than the early Methodism. Mr. Ferguson warmly

admired his chief, but he does not paint over the warts. He slyly admits that Dafoe's ferocious attacks on Lord Byng's refusal of dissolution to Mr. King in 1926 had been preceded some years before by Dafoe's onslaught upon the grant of such a dissolution to a premier of Manitoba. The enormity of Byng's action, so threatening to Canadian liberties, was doubtless accentuated because it conveniently made electors forget a bad Liberal scandal in the Customs Department. However, this is now old politics and fortunately does not reflect the full measure of Dafoe's mind. We are in Mr. Ferguson's debt for delineating so faithfully the character of a great figure in Canadian life.

Two studies deal with different phases of history in the Canadian West. Professor G. H. Needler edits with an introduction an account of the North-West Rebellion of 1885 by General Middleton, who commanded the Canadian forces. This narrative, which originally appeared in the nineties as articles in successive issues of the *United Service Magazine* (London), covers with some additional facts the substance of Middleton's despatches to the Minister of Militia at the time of the rebellion. In his introduction and special notes Professor Needler, who himself participated in the campaign, provides useful information for an understanding of the text. In *The Agrarian Revolt in Western Canada* Mr. Paul F. Sharp, an assistant professor of history at Iowa State College, has written not merely a history of the agrarian movement but an interesting account of its relations with kindred movements in the neighbouring United States, shaped by a similar environment. The influence of the American agrarian frontier on the Canadian is a significant phase in our development, and the present monograph, lucidly written and well documented, is probably the best survey which has hitherto appeared on the portion of the theme with which it deals, namely the Western political movement before and after the First World War.

Many studies appeared during the year on varied aspects of Canadian and general economics. Distinguished among them is *The Theory of Economic Change* by Professor B. S. Keirstead of McGill University. "This is a pretentious book," writes the author, "in the sense that it seems to pretend to be saying something new, whereas it is really not saying anything new at all, but merely arranging what has been said before in a new form." The claim is too modest. Professor Keirstead's book is for students in an advanced seminar in economic and social theory, and to them it will provide nourishing fare—an informative analysis of institutions, lucid exposition of theory, shrewd comments on history, and withal good sense in treating the economic problems of a complex society. While it deals with the theory of economic change, it is no slick attempt to make highly difficult things appear absurdly simple. Students are not encouraged by Professor Keirstead to deal lightly with causation in the complicated pattern of historical reality. He would warn them to be wary of neat expla-

nations, and would quote the comment of Marshall that "as the motion of every body in the solar system affects and is affected by the motion of every other, so it is with the elements of political economy." The students, moreover, can here fully exercise their wits on arguable and significant ideas. It might be complained that the assumptions for Professor Keirstead's theory are not always sufficiently explicit, although that is a matter which the seminar can well debate. There are also many other questions for discussion. Is it true, as the author claims, that Adam Smith regarded technical innovation as the independent given cause of the more and more productive division of labour and of population increase? Or is it, as some readers of Adam Smith would contend, the increase of population itself which is the real cause of the other phenomena? This issue should keep the members of the seminar active in discussion for at least one meeting. In this interesting book there is much else that will test acute thinking.

A different type of volume is *Trade Unions in Canada* by Professor H. A. Logan. As the author claims, "this is a book of description and narrative with evaluation relegated chiefly to the choice of material. As a history it gives more space to structure and accomplishment than to the portrayal of doctrines." Professor Logan in 1928 published a shorter work, *The History of Trade-Union Organization in Canada*. Not merely does the present study cover the last two decades, a period of major importance in the development of Canadian trade unionism, but in addition it probes more deeply into the significant features of trade-union history. The early volume dealt in the main with the rise of the three congresses and the lobbying for labour legislation, for which the congresses had actually come into existence. The present volume discusses the congresses, to be sure, including the Canadian Congress of Labour (C.C.L.) with its distinctive emphasis, but it also treats much more adequately the major unions in their industrial setting and the shaping influence upon them of peculiar industrial circumstances. It consequently throws more and clearer light upon the emergence of collective bargaining in the Canadian economy. It also examines interestingly the influence of war upon the labour movement, treats in a separate chapter the revolutionary elements in labour, and describes in two chapters the national Catholic movement. The book is far too heavily laden with massed facts to make easy reading, but it contributes significantly to our understanding of labour and Canada's industrialization.

Canada's Economy in a Changing World, edited by Mr. J. Douglas Gibson and prepared under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, is a symposium which has resulted from the attempt "to combine collective discourse with individual writing of the essays and individual responsibility for them." Distinguished Canadian economists contribute chapters, and many others have offered criticism in the preparation of the volume. The broad theme is the impact of the present dis-

turbed world upon the functioning of the Canadian economy, and most of the critical issues are faced. The changed position of western Europe has weakened "one of our traditional poles of attraction," and this fact along with the greatly increased pull of the United States raises in a fresh way the issue of Canada's national sovereignty. If Canada is to preserve her independence, she must foster European recovery and take energetic measures to develop the Canadian economy. The burden of such policies, in so far as it falls upon citizens, may be lightened by measures of social security and fiscal reforms, and these in turn demand close federal-provincial co-operation. Specialized chapters treat aspects of the general theme, and Mr. Gibson concludes with a well-balanced review of the preceding chapters.

Another publication by the Canadian Institute of International Affairs is *British Preference in Canadian Commercial Policy* by Dr. Douglas Rudyard Annett, which constitutes an historical and analytical review of Canadian experience in the system of British preferences. The author traces the introductions of British preferences in 1897, and sees the failure of that early system to live up to expectations owing to the absence of British initiative, the strength of Canadian protectionism, and the competitive power of the United States in their "own backyard." He outlines the new shift to imperial preference which culminated in the Ottawa agreements, describes the subsequent retreat from the system as the multilateral aspect of trade was emphasized, and provides evidence for the belief that Canada derived economic advantages from the preferences. Dr. Annett's volume is competent, and fills a gap in Canadian economic literature.

Economics and Life by Miss H. D. Chataway is a book born of anxiety and goodwill. Haunted by the fear of a "Second World Depression," the author feels bound to assist in devising a remedy for what she believes to be the major cause of mankind's economic ailments, namely an inadequate supply of money. In order to substantiate her point, Miss Chataway takes the reader through a hurried course in general economic history from Neolithic times to the present. But her selection and reading of historical evidence is somewhat vitiated by an obsession with matters monetary. This preoccupation—a weakness common among outsiders who stray into the treacherous grounds of economics—also incapacitates the would-be reformer for appreciating the complexities of modern economic society. If all that were needed to maintain a high level of employment and stable prices were to put enough money into circulation, the vagaries of the business cycle would have been overcome long ago. Unfortunately, the present work, for all its praiseworthy intentions, does not seem to have unlocked any hidden doors to a brighter economic future.

There are many in Canada who will welcome *The Values of Life* by the late Professor E. J. Urwick as a small memorial to an engaging person

and an independent thinker. Urwick came from England in his late fifties, with a distinguished career behind him as an organizer of social work, a teacher in the University of London, and an author of some notable books on social philosophy. In the University of Toronto he succeeded Professor R. M. MacIver as Head of the Department of Political Economy, directed studies in social welfare, and interested colleagues and students by his challenging doubts concerning some of the sacred canons of contemporary economics and sociology, especially the extravagant claims made for scientific sociology. To him the investigation of social phenomena should not be put in the field of science, but in that of intelligent discussion or philosophy, a view that some of his colleagues perhaps did not understand and felt impatient about.

The present work is a collection of essays on "values" upon which Urwick worked for some time prior to his death. Although he had not completed the series, enough was written to warrant publication, and included here are two earlier essays, on "Capitalism and Value" and "Labour and Value." This is obviously not a finished book or a true measure of the author's best work. It has not the logical coherence and solid substance of *The Philosophy of Social Progress* nor the variety of ideas of *The Social Good*. Yet it contains characteristic elements of his thought, and those interested in his thought and in his personality will be glad to possess it. Here is the emphasis upon the difference between facts and values, and the necessity for a distinctive treatment of each. Here in particular is that calmness and sanity of outlook which Urwick possessed to the end. Professor John A. Irving in a very fitting introduction presents a clear and compact account of Urwick's social philosophy, examines the ideas in his various books, and portrays something of his personality.

Finally, reference may be made to a large work in anthropology, *The Bella Coola Indians,* by Professor T. F. McIlwraith of the University of Toronto. The Bella Coola Indians are a small tribe in the coastal region of British Columbia whose life was largely neglected by anthropologists until Professor McIlwraith began his detailed investigations in the twenties. In this stout work in two volumes he describes their organizations, religion, concepts of wealth, ritual dances, folk-lore, and cycle of life from birth to death. This is too technical a study to review adequately in this survey, but it promises to take a place amongst the half-dozen outstanding books on the life of the Canadian Indian.

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V. BIOGRAPHICAL, CRITICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS — THE EDITOR AND OTHERS

This final section of the survey of English-Canadian letters is the composite work of seven contributors. Once again the plan has been adopted of introducing sub-headings (with arabic numerals) to indicate the different areas in the section and the respective reviewers. But as usual it has not been possible to find a satisfactory place for every book. The two works

which Dr. A. Vibert Douglas has reviewed, on the general field of mathematics and physics, have been separated: one will be found among the biographies, the other in the final sub-section. G. V. Ferguson's *John W. Dafoe* which might have been considered with the other biographies has been included in Section IV with books on the social sciences. Three other works are not mentioned because they are to be reviewed in a later number of the *Quarterly: The Philosophy of Francis Bacon* by Fulton H. Anderson, *Matthew Arnold: A Study in Conflict* by E. K. Brown, and *Booker T. Washington* by Basil Mathews.

1. *Biography and Autobiography* THE EDITOR

In the first chapter of *Red Wine of Youth: A Life of Rupert Brooke,* Arthur Stringer tells us that this biography was to have been by the late Richard Halliburton, author of *The Royal Road to Romance,* who began to gather information as early as 1927 for the book which was not yet written when he was lost in the Pacific in 1939. Mr. Stringer has now brought the work to completion in his own way. This is a popular, not an academic, biography, but there is much less of the "romance" of youth, love, and travel than we could have expected from Halliburton, and none of the voluble egotism. Mr. Stringer keeps out of the story entirely though his habit of referring to his subject as "Rupert" and of being equally informal with most of the poet's friends does suggest that the author thinks of himself as an unnoticed member of the circle. The biographical narrative takes us from Brooke's earliest years at Rugby, where his father was a housemaster, to Cambridge, London, and the company of the Georgian poets, then across Canada on the journey to the South Seas, and back (via the United States) to the England of 1914, military service at Antwerp and in the Near East, and death in April, 1915, in the poet's twenty-eighth year. Brooke appears to better advantage in the months of war than in the years of peace. His frequently recurring moods of boredom, restlessness, and vague malaise before 1914 can become tiresome to the reader. He sighed for Grantchester when he was in Berlin, and for anywhere else when he was in Grantchester. But the war gave him a new purpose and happiness, and the "1914" sonnets brought him immediate fame. He was no longer just another minor poet, but the voice of self-dedicated youth. He was entertained at 10 Downing Street; he was quoted from the pulpit of St. Paul's; and later when he, a very junior officer of the Gallipoli force, was ill at Port Said, even the commander-in-chief came to visit him solicitously. His death was lamented as a national loss. He was added to the company of "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown." But since 1915 his name has been slowly fading. Although Mr. Stringer recounts the life-story sympathetically and fairly completely (the love-affairs are treated with a positively Victorian vagueness or reticence), he does not help us much with the questions which the reader in 1949 may be inclined to ask. What were

Brooke's ideas on life and the poet's art as they appear outside the poems? Where does he belong in literary history? Is he just another late romantic, a minor descendant of Byron? In what general direction was his poetry tending? Does his interest in Donne and Webster give us reason to believe that he would have become another neo-metaphysical if he had lived into the next decade which saw the arrival of Eliot? These are some of the questions which one would hope to find discussed in a biography of Brooke.

Leopold Infeld's *Whom the Gods Love: The Story of Evariste Galois* is likewise the record of brilliant youth and early death. Dr. A. Vibert Douglas has contributed the following review.

"This book could only have been written by a man who is himself a mathematician, knowing by experience the intense intellectual, indeed spiritual, joy of achievement in the realm of 'mathematics, the most noble and abstract of the sciences.' The author projects himself and hence his readers into the very mind of the French school-boy, the youthful revolutionary, whom he describes as 'perhaps the greatest mathematical genius that ever lived.' The story has all the elements of a Greek tragedy, and the writing frequently achieves high dramatic intensity, as the swift turbulent currents of French history in the years 1824 to 1832 carry Evariste Galois to his twenty-first year and inevitable treachery and death. There is even the effect of the Greek chorus in the solemn repetition: In this the people of France (or the King, or the merchants, or Galois himself) erred.

"This is an honest book. At the outset we are told that 'the story of . . . his journey toward death and fame is recorded only in fragments, disconnected, suppressed, and contradictory.' An 'Afterword' tells with reference to each chapter what is authentic, what is uncertain, and what is pure invention.

"Students of mathematics in whose minds the names of Lagrange, Legendre, Laplace, Monge, Cauchy, Poisson, Arago, Abel, and Liouville are associated only with theorems and equations will find in these pages the miracle of Ezekiel—dry bones become assembled, clothed in flesh, and endowed with personality in their setting in the space and time of the human drama. Across the stage walks, runs, leaps, stumbles, and falls the youth who saw further into the heart of algebra and 'pure analysis' than any of them, the youth who hated tyranny more than he valued life. Two sketches of Evariste Galois and a bibliography of forty-four items enhance the value of this book."

Frank Pickersgill did not make a name in the world, as did Brooke and Galois, but the record of his brief life in *The Pickersgill Letters,* edited with a memoir by his friend George H. Ford, is very moving, partly because it represents the tragedy of young men who grew up in the depression only to die in the war. Frank Pickersgill was born in Winnipeg in 1915,

graduated from the University of Manitoba in 1936, and was executed at Buchenwald in 1944. His letters, which are mainly to relatives and college friends, commence with his bicycle tour of England and western Europe in the summer of 1934, after the usual Atlantic crossing for undergraduates, by cattle boat. Others belong to his years of postgraduate study in Toronto and Paris, report on Europe between Munich and the fall of France, and tell of his internment, escape, and preparation in England for military service. The last is a farewell note written two days before he parachuted behind the enemy's lines on a mission which ended in his death. The heroic and tragic end of his life should not make us undervalue the earlier adventures which Frank Pickersgill experienced so fully, the adventures of a vigorous young mind coming to grips with the problem of his time and of all time. Political theory, philosophy, and theology were vital interests to him: they opened up questions of the greatest contemporary and practical importance. His letters from Toronto and Paris, so lively, natural, and perfectly unpretentious, so full of the signs of reading and of thought, can only make one hope that there are other young men like him. As for Mr. Ford's memoir and connective comments, they seem to me to be admirable—friendly and intimate yet objective, informative but not obtrusive, carefully leaving the centre of our attention on the letters as giving the most authentic picture of the man.

Anthologists and historians of Canadian poetry include Robert Service among their authors, but one may doubt if *Harper of Heaven: A Record of Radiant Living,* the second half of his autobiography, belongs in this survey when it contains next to nothing on his connection with Canada. It begins when, as I understand, he was a roving reporter in the Balkans for a Toronto evening paper; the first chapter, "Sinister Istamboul," contains just about what you would expect of minor observation and misadventure. Later, Mr. Service was an ambulance driver and reporter in the First Great War and a refugee from France living in California in the recent one; and in between were the untroubled years of a man of letters in comfortable circumstances with a house on the Breton coast and another on the Riviera, and time for travel, notably on two occasions by the Intourist routes through Russia. It is a strange, detached, timeless existence this "radiant living." Except for the two wars which rudely disturbed the author's way of life, there is hardly a chronological reference point in the book. The air of detachment from history can be illustrated in another way: there are two pages (331-2) on Mr. Service's stop-over at Stalingrad, with a great deal on how hot the day was and a mention of just what he had for lunch, but not a single word to suggest that the reader in 1948 may have heard of the place. Yet the chapters on Russia are perhaps the most notable in a strange but not uninteresting autobiography.

Russia is an even more important theme in the three books to be mentioned in the rest of this sub-section. *Unfinished History* by R. W. Keyserlingk and *This was My Choice* by Igor Gouzenko are autobiographies by Canadians of Russian birth—Mr. Gouzenko having acquired his citizenship under remarkable circumstances which every Canadian will remember who was old enough in 1946 to read the newspapers. *Home from the Cold Wars* by Leslie Roberts is hardly autobiography, being a travelling reporter's account of what he saw in Europe and what he believed it meant, but the personal emphasis in the narrative and the preoccupation with Russia (and with Mr. Gouzenko) make it proper to introduce this book after the two autobiographies of ex-Russians.

Mr. (or Count) Keyserlingk is a Canadian by choice, but he has been a cosmopolitan by force of circumstances. The Baltic lands upon which his family lived for centuries have been within one generation successively in the Russian Empire, Latvia, and the Soviet Union. He was born in St. Petersburg during the revolution of 1905; was at Vladivostock, where his father was in command of a warship, when the Bolsheviks overthrew the liberal government of Kerensky; attended school in Russia, Japan, and China; graduated from the University of British Columbia; and, after a long visit with his less nomadic relatives in Latvia, became a representative of the United Press in the Europe of the thirties, and in 1938 general manager of the British United Press with headquarters in Montreal. The second half of the book, mainly about interviews and political crises when the growing menace of Hitler was darkening Europe, is inevitably interesting but not as remarkable as the first half with its dominant theme that a family which has a sense of solidarity may remain a dependable social unit in spite of revolution, change of fortune, and the dispersal of its members to a dozen countries.

Mr. Gouzenko's story, on the contrary, is most exciting at the close. In the first two-thirds, the account of his youth, education, and early experience in Russia as a cipher-clerk is informative and occasionally vivid though there is little new in what he tells us about life in general in that country. More notable are his reports on minor incidents, after his arrival in Canada, that set him trying in vain to reconcile everything he had been taught and had believed about the non-Communist world with the plain evidence of his senses. But the most exciting episode of the autobiography began that evening in September, 1945 when he returned to his desk in the cipher-room of the Russian embassy in Ottawa, abstracted the papers that would demonstrate the extent and aims of Soviet espionage in Canada, and went out into the darkening streets to search most of that night and the next day for someone in authority who would look at his papers and protect him from the vengeance of the NKVD. There are at least half-a-dozen incidents in that last chapter as exciting as anything in crime fiction.

In Leslie Roberts' view in *Home from the Cold Wars* Mr. Gouzenko was just a thief and a traitor who was paid off with Canadian citizenship and an annuity from a millionaire, and we should all be thoroughly ashamed of ourselves—all except the Soviet officials who were acting quite properly. Of Mr. Gouzenko's story and book Mr. Roberts writes feelingly (p. 62): "Is this the way to a better understanding of the Soviet Union and its governors or people? Is this the way to peace? Or might it not more fairly be described as 'conditioning for war,' with Igor Gouzenko the chosen instrument of the warmongers, and financial independence as the pay-off for the Soviet traitor, the penitentiary for the Canadian?" Mr. Roberts always strives to be impartial in this way. There may be some ground of complaint against Russia, but there is as much against the United States. If the Russian people are kept from learning the truth about us, do we know the truth about them? Perhaps the Kremlin dominates Czechoslovakia, but can anyone deny that American policy influences Canadian? Mr. Roberts visited Europe, including Russia and Czechoslovakia, with these principles to guide him, and tells what he saw, heard, and thought. He reports with gusto his man-to-man talks with little people in the Communist world but admits that he often found it difficult and embarrassing when he tried to justify the actions of the West. Perhaps he was not a very suitable advocate.

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2. *Literary and Critical Studies* — M. D. C. Tait and the Editor

In this sub-section belong two volumes of classical studies: *The Wrath of Homer* by L. A. MacKay and *Swans and Amber: Some Early Greek Lyrics Freely Translated and Adapted* by Dorothy Burr Thompson. They are reviewed by Professor M. D. C. Tait.

Professor MacKay's attractively written work avowedly seeks to discover the clue to the construction of the *Iliad* through an examination of the economic life of the society depicted by Homer and in the light of a theory (suggested at least in part by this examination) as to the provenance of the chief legends which Homer used for his own artistic purposes. With a different approach the author here attempts to solve the problem with which C. M. Bowra dealt in his *Tradition and Design in the Iliad.*

In the first of his three chapters Mr. MacKay supports the view that Homeric society had already passed from an agrarian to an urban stage, in which industry, trade, and commerce were important factors. The trade followed two main routes, the first, dominated by the "Achaeans," through Mycenae and Pylos up the west coast of Greece into the Adriatic; the second passed up the west coast of Asia Minor through Troy and westward through Thrace. Following Allen, MacKay finds the economic basis of the Trojan War in rivalry for the metals of the Danube basin, the object of the "Achaeans" being to eliminate Troy as a trading centre.

Scholars such as Cauer and Bethe have attempted to localize Homeric legends in various parts of Greece. In his second, more tentative, chapter Mr. MacKay seeks the origin of important constituents of the *Iliad,* notably legends of Achilles, in and about Epirus, and would thus explain certain anomalies in the story and such phenomena as the duplication of names of persons and places.

In his third chapter he proposes to relate the problem of the construction of the *Iliad* to the above hypotheses. Bethe found three main themes in the *Iliad;* Mr. MacKay, with more probability, thinks the poem was constructed from two principal cycles of legend, one telling of the expedition of Agamemnon, the other a more primitive tale of the revenge of Achilles. It may well be so. But granting for the sake of argument the hypotheses of the earlier chapters, it is difficult to see their relevance to this interesting theory of composition. Might not Homer have combined the stories in precisely the same way had Mycenaean civilization been agrarian rather than mercantile, and had both cycles of legend originated anywhere in contiguous Greek valleys?

Mr. MacKay's suggestion that the motif of the Wrath of Achilles is Homer's own device for organizing the two cycles into an artistic unity is rendered plausible by his just observation that it belongs to the category of design rather than of tradition. The point however is not self-evident: it requires support from the poem itself. Mr. MacKay brilliantly works out a theory *a priori* to show how the motif of the Wrath *might* have been used by the poet in the way he suggests. Rigorous demonstration in such matters is of course out of the question, but Mr. MacKay's analysis of the structure of the poem, though it contains much admirable interpretative and critical comment, can hardly be said to afford convincing evidence that the motif was in fact so used.

Turning to *Swans and Amber*—it might fairly be argued that it is a much simpler matter to write one's own poetry than to translate someone else's. The Muse must be there to inspire in both cases; but the translator has to perform the all but impossible feat of unravelling the fabric of the poet's expression and weaving it again so that, though inevitably different, it shall somehow remain the same. Few problems in translation can be more difficult than that of rendering the fragments of Greek lyric poetry, and to have achieved such a measure of success as Mrs. Thompson has in this charming little volume is a very real distinction.

The title-page explains her aim: "Some early Greek Lyrics freely translated and adapted." There are two requirements of such work, that it convey the spirit of the original, and that it be acceptable English verse. In this reviewer's opinion nearly all the translations meet the first of these requirements, and very many meet both of them. For example, "Passion" (Anacreon 104) sustains the epigrammatic terseness of the original without lapsing into baldness.

O, how I love
And yet love not!
Now cool and sane
Now mad and hot.

"To the Evening Star" (Sappho 149) conveys in satisfying rhythm and music much of the simple, moving beauty of Sappho's lines.

Evening Star, thou bringest home
All that Dawn had sent to roam,
Back to one another;
Thou bringest the sheep, thou bringest the goat;
Thou bringest the child to his mother.

These instances could be multiplied, but it would be too much to ask that this level should be maintained consistently throughout. Sometimes imperfect modulation and balance are apparent, as in the third and last lines of "The Bride" (Sappho 150), where "tip-top" is not only prosaic but spoils the rhythm. Elsewhere, too, for example to some of the lines of "Night" (Alcman 36) and of "Music" (Simonides 86, 88), one feels inclined to apply Dr. Johnson's stricture that the verse "stands the trial of the finger better than of the ear." Occasionally the mechanical exigencies of an accepted pattern of rhyme appear to have had an unfortunate effect, as in "Midnight" (Sappho 111):

Sunk is the moon,
And the Pleiades soon
Will sink in the sky;
The hours go past,
Midnight at last—
But alone I lie.

The line "Midnight *at last,*" in its position, falsifies the experience which the poem expresses. The mood is not expectancy, but frustration, focussed in the poignant contrast between the concourse of the wheeling signs of the heavens and the solitary bed of the poetess.

But such criticism of detail does not leave a true impression. Mrs. Thompson has succeeded to a remarkable degree in conveying much of the distinctive quality of Greek lyric, the immediacy of sensuous beauty and of emotion, the intensity and the clarity, the bitterness, the gaiety, and the candour. Her sketch of the historical background and of the lives and personalities of the poets is admirable; her choice of the delightful figures and designs from Greek vases reflects her just and discriminating taste in such matters.

Four other books are to be mentioned in this sub-section, of which only two belong strictly on the year's list. *Leading Canadian Poets* is a collection of biographical and critical sketches of twenty-nine poets, edited with an introduction by W. P. Percival, Director of Protestant Education for the Province of Quebec. The sketches originally appeared in the *Educational Record* and are partly intended as an aid for teachers. All but two, we are told, were written "by persons who knew the authors personally." The risks and the advantages of this relationship are obvious. In a volume necessarily uneven in the interest of its subjects and the quality of its comment, it seems to me that D. C. Scott on Lampman is the most notable.

Paradox in Chesterton by Hugh Kenner was published in 1947 but did not arrive in time for last year's survey. It is a brief and ably written exposition of its theme for Roman Catholic students. In an introduction Professor H. M. McLuhan remarks that "even in Catholic colleges books by Chesterton are not commonly on the reading-lists." This volume is to argue that they should be and to demonstrate once more that Chesterton's paradoxes derive from theological and metaphysical premises, that in fact they conform to Thomist doctrine.

Brief reference should also be made to the second edition of G. G. Sedgewick's *Of Irony, Especially in Drama,* the Alexander Lectures for 1934. The first edition of that scholarly and sprightly book was published by the University of Toronto Press in the shoddy and dismal format of the old "Philology and Literature" series. It is gratifying to note that the university press has come a long way since 1934 and that the handsome new edition is one sign of it.[1]

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ANDERSON (F. H.), The philosophy of Francis Bacon (Chicago, University of Chicago Press; Toronto, Gage, viii, 312 pp., $4.40). BROWN (E. K.), Matthew

[1]Comment upon D. A. Evans' study, *Le Socialisme romantique: Pierre Leroux et ses contemporains,* will be made by Professor W. E. Collin in his survey of French-Canadian letters in the July issue.

Arnold: a study in conflict (Chicago, University of Chicago Press; Toronto, Ryerson, xiv, 224 pp., $3.50). EVANS (D. A.), Le socialisme romantique: Pierre Leroux et ses contemporains; préface par ÉDOUARD DOLLÉANS (Bibliothèque d'histoire économique et sociale; Paris, Marcel Rivière, 262 pp.). HICKS (R. K.) trans., Marc Lescarbot's Theatre of Neptune; with an introduction by Principal W. L. GRANT, as originally published in the Queen's Quarterly (Marc Lescarbot books of New World poetry; Lower Granville, N.S., Abanaki Press, 1947, 12 pp., 75c.). KENNER (HUGH), Paradox in Chesterton; introduction by HERBERT MARSHALL MCLUHAN (New York, Sheed & Ward, 1947, xxiv, 157 pp., $2.00). MACKAY (L. A.), The wrath of Homer (Toronto, University of Toronto Press—Saunders, x, 131 pp., $2.50). PERCIVAL (W. P.) ed., Leading Canadian poets (Toronto, Ryerson, x, 271 pp., $3.50). ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA, Transactions, Section II: literature, history, archaeology, sociology, political economy, and allied subjects, meeting of May, 1947 (Ottawa, the Society, 135 pp.). SEDGEWICK (G. G.), Of irony, especially in drama; new ed. (Toronto, University of Toronto Press—Saunders, xii, 127 pp., $2.75). THOMPSON (D. B.), Swans and amber: some early Greek lyrics freely translated and adapted (Toronto, University of Toronto Press—Saunders, xii, 194 pp., $2.75). WILSON (R. A.), The miraculous birth of language; preface by GEORGE BERNARD SHAW; new ed. (New York, Philosophical Library; Toronto, McLeod, 256 pp., $4.50).

3. *Books on Religion* W. S. MCCULLOUGH

The Reverend R. C. Chalmers, Associate Secretary of the United Church of Canada's Board of Evangelism and Social Service, offers in *The Pure Celestial Fire* an "Evangelical interpretation of Christianity." By "Evangelical" he appears to mean a distinctive type of Christianity, Christ-centred and scripturally inspired, which endeavours to rediscover the essential experience of the Apostolic Church. The book displays considerable familiarity with the religious thought of Protestantism, and is at the same time a useful digest of the various ideas and traditions represented in the United Church. The basic material is well organized, but its presentation is accompanied by so many quotations from other writers, most of whom are in substantial agreement with the author, that a certain prolixity results and the development of the subject is correspondingly retarded. And while Dr. Chalmers argues (p. 210) for "a rewriting of our theological creeds and confessions of faith," he himself does not venture into such troubled waters. He restates some things, but at bottom he sticks to the premises of traditional Evangelicalism.

The Clock of Destiny by the Reverend D. F. Kemp, *No Coward Soul* by the Reverend David A. MacLennan, and *The Indwelling Christ* by the Very Reverend George C. Pidgeon come from Anglican and United Church clergymen. Mr. Kemp's book, the shortest of the three, is probably intended for private devotional reading, whereas the other volumes record sermons preached in their authors' Toronto churches. They all represent an exceptionally high level of Christian preaching. If the Church in the present world seems helpless and at times almost moribund, it is not the fault of this kind of vigorous and challenging leadership.

A Church History for Canadians by the Right Reverend Philip Carrington, Archbishop of Quebec, "is written for the young people of the

Church of England in Canada." Its purpose is to trace the development of the Anglican tradition, and it is therefore largely concerned with the history of Christianity in England. To cover so large a subject in 348 pages is no easy task, and it has obliged the author to deal with his theme in a rather broad way. There are some minor errors in matters of fact, but by and large this work by a liberally minded churchman is well done.

James Cardinal McGuigan by C. L. Fisher is a rather laudatory biography of Canada's first English-speaking cardinal. The various stages in the career of this Prince of the Church are faithfully recorded, as is his interest in Catholic education. The stature of the Cardinal is unfortunately obscured by the author's tendency to dwell upon ecclesiastical details. The account of the Archbishop's visit to Rome in 1946 to receive the red hat, and of the various receptions afterwards accorded the Cardinal in England, Ireland, and Canada, takes up almost half of the book.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

BANNISTER (J. A.), Centennial history of Grace United Church, Port Dover, Ont., 1847-1947 (Port Dover, the Church, 1947, 24 pp., $1.00). CARRINGTON (PHILIP), A Church history for Canadians to 1900 A.D. (Toronto, General Board of Religious Education of the Church of England in Canada, 350 pp., $1.50). CHALMERS (R. C.), The pure celestial fire: an evangelical interpretation of Christianity (Toronto, Ryerson, xii, 238 pp., $3.50). FISHER (C. L.), James Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto (Toronto, McClelland & Stewart, x, 133 pp., $3.00). KEMP (D. F.), "The clock of destiny" (Toronto, Church of England in Canada, Supplies Dept., 104 pp.). LANDE (L. M.), Sackcloth and light: a study of Job (Montreal, the author, c/o Industrial Loan & Finance Corporation, limited ed., $4.00). MACLENNAN (D. A.), No coward soul; with a foreword by LLOYD C. DOUGLAS (Toronto, Clarke Irwin, xii, 244 pp., $2.50). PIDGEON (G. C.), The indwelling Christ (Toronto, Clarke Irwin, x, 208 pp., $2.50). WARNER (H. W.), And Jacob called the name of that place Bethel: the history of Bethel United Church, South Augusta, Ontario, 1878-1948 (171 pp.).

4. *Books on Art* — D. W. BUCHANAN

Most ambitious of the books to be written on the fine arts this year by a Canadian was *John Constable: His Life and Work* by Sydney J. Key of the Art Gallery of Toronto. It is the second in a series called "British Painters," by various authors and published in London; these are biographies and appreciations running to about thirty thousand words each on the principal British artists. A book of this nature on Constable was certainly needed and Mr. Key has done much meticulous and studious work in preparing it. He has, however, strung his material together in an uninspired chronological fashion, and thus, although his style is clear enough, the book makes hard reading. How much better if the chapters could have been composed round definite themes, such as his training, his marriage, his relations with the Royal Academy, and so forth. Also in the critical summary of his work at the end, an extra chapter could well have been devoted to a study and appreciation of his oil sketches. These were painted directly from nature, with great spontaneity of feeling; they were

also unique, for their period, in being finished compositions in themselves which, at the same time, managed to preserve the freshness of nature and the momentary effects of sunlight and rain. They, as much as his large paintings, have had great influence on artists since, and are coming more and more to be recognized for their true greatness. Yet their relative importance seems to have been somewhat neglected in this book.

Two new volumes have appeared in the "Canadian Art" series. Best of these is the one on *Cornelius Krieghoff* by Dr. Marius Barbeau, which contains a short account of the life of this pioneer painter of Quebec and a brief critical essay on his work. Dr. Barbeau has done a bright and straightforward job of writing here, a great improvement over his earlier book on Krieghoff which appeared in 1934, which was written in a disjointed and highly conversational style. His judgments concerning Krieghoff's painting are on the whole sound, but surely he exaggerates in hinting that Krieghoff can be considered as a direct forerunner of the Group of Seven. It is, however, true, as Dr. Barbeau states, that there did develop in Krieghoff's work, after his coming to Canada, various special and original characteristics which were based on his close and honest observation of Canadian nature.

Less stimulating is Dorothy Hoover's book on J. W. Beatty, the Toronto fireman who turned painter and then, after studies abroad, became a well-known art teacher in his native province. Beatty was one of the first of Ontario painters to go by canoe into the north woods to sketch; in this way, he helped to attract to the northland some of his friends, who later formed the Group of Seven. But he himself remained throughout life a conservative, always distrustful of aesthetic experiments. Also his own work for the most part rarely rose above the commonplace. The author clearly indicates these limitations of Beatty's, but at the same time she seems to share them, for she agrees with him in his distrust of most or all modern and contemporary experiments.

Beatty certainly would have thrown up his hands in horror if he had lived long enough to have seen and heard about *automatisme,* a form of instinctive composition in painting practised by certain younger artists in Quebec today. This group has issued a manifesto, *Refus global,* published in portfolio form, partly mimeographed and partly on coated paper. Some of the essays it contains on drama and the dance are difficult to distinguish from the general run of surrealist outpourings. But the main essay by their leader, Paul-Emile Borduas, is much better. In it, he tries to describe how political and clerical institutions in Quebec, by their action, have deformed and corrupted over the years free human expression in all the arts. The only way out for the creative artist, he says, is to throw overboard all education and tradition and to start from the beginning again by purely intuitive means. While expressed loosely and without any really profound basis of thought, this essay is at least interesting in that it pro-

claims philosophical anarchism as a basis for a school of painting in Quebec.

Based on an official survey made for the Ontario Department of Education, the report by C. D. Gaitskell, *Art Education in the Province of Ontario,* is of interest to parents and teachers alike, and to all those who feel that art should not be taught as a dead formula in our public schools but rather as a method of developing imaginative and creative attitudes in the young. Much progress of this nature has been made in Ontario, but advances have been far from uniform, and Mr. Gaitskell gives recommendations for future reforms.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

BARBEAU (MARIUS), Cornelius Krieghoff (Canadian art series; Toronto, Ryerson, iv, 36 pp., $1.00 paper, $1.50 cloth). COLGATE (WILLIAM), The bookplates of Leslie Victor Smith, illustrated with original prints in addition to a full check-list and introduction (Weston, Ont., Old Rectory Press, 1947, 20 pp., $3.00). DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS, The arts of French Canada, 1613-1870, the Detroit Institute of Arts *et al.* (Detroit, Mich., the Institute, 1946, 52 pp., $1.00). GAITSKELL (C. D.), Art education in the province of Ontario (Ryerson educational monographs; Toronto, Ryerson, viii, 55 pp., $2.00). HOOVER (DOROTHY), J. W. Beatty (Canadian art series; Toronto, Ryerson, iv, 40 pp., $1.50). JARVIS (ALAN), Things we see: indoors and out (Penguin Books, 1947, 64 pp., $1.00). KEY (S. J.), John Constable: his life and work; with 55 illustrations including 4 colour plates (British painters series; London, Phoenix House; Toronto, Dent, 128 pp., $4.25). REFUS GLOBAL: Paul-Émile Borduas, Claude Gauvreau, Bruno Cormier, Françoise Sullivan, Fernand Leduc (Montréal, Mithra-Mythe, 90 pp., 8 plates).

5. *Canadians in the Second World War* H. N. MACLEAN

With the publication of *The Canadian Army, 1939-1945* by Colonel C.P. Stacey, the Department of National Defence has completed its schedule of interim reports and summaries on the Army's activities in the Second World War. There remains the official history itself, which it is hoped will appear in 1950. The present work deals briefly yet comprehensively with operations overseas, particularly those on the battlefield. The narrative is built up from three main sources: reports of the field historical sections which were attached to the fighting formations, regimental war diaries compiled in action or immediately thereafter, and material from various German official sources, uncovered since the war's end. These enemy documents enable Colonel Stacey to give his readers a much clearer picture of the days immediately following the Normandy landings, and of the battles around Falaise, than would otherwise have been possible. Various events of the early war years are touched upon: the abortive movement to France of the First Brigade, after Dunkirk; the expedition to Spitzbergen; and the employment of Canadian engineers at Gibraltar are among these early exploits. An important and relatively detailed chapter discusses the Dieppe operation, its planning, execution, and significance. Admitting the raid's tactical failure, Colonel Stacey, here

as nowhere else in the book, feels called upon to take public criticisms into account. Supporting his remarks with documented evidence, he defends the organization of the raid, emphasizes the courage of those taking part (quoting effectively from German sources on this point), and underlines the "lessons learned," which were to affect in an important way the planning of the Normandy assault. Passing to less controversial and more central phases of the war, the author discusses the Canadian campaigns in Sicily, Italy, and North-West Europe; these operations are set forth with admirable clarity and restraint. While the scope of the volume necessitates discussion for the most part on the level of divisions or brigades, Colonel Stacey, where especially notable exploits are concerned, has warm praise for individual battalions. The grim struggle for Ortona, the holding attacks south of Caen, and the Rhineland fighting, for example, are discussed in this way; again, place is made for the recording of individual enterprise in the case of such men as Colonel Triquet or Major Tilston. Much more than mere reporting of cold fact, the volume does manage now and then to convey some real sense of the battlefield's terrors and of the Canadian soldier's courage, though the author is too careful a historian ever to abandon altogether his judiciously objective viewpoint. A chapter is devoted to the fullest account yet published of the Canadian force in Hong Kong and its hopeless struggle there; and the book ends with some mention, necessarily limited, of Canadian military activities outside of the sphere of the main formed bodies of troops. These include accounts of the scheme by which Canadian officers were lent to the British Army (the so-called "Canloan" officers), of the Canadian Forestry Corps, and of the redoubtable Canadian-American Special Service Force, whose activities deserve a separate history. The book is well supplied with excellent maps, and is illustrated with reproductions in colour of paintings by Charles Comfort and other Canadian war artists. Veterans, perhaps, may feel that no record of this sort can adequately express the nature of their experiences, yet the book is sure to attract a wide audience, and its cool style and objective outlook promise well for the literary quality of the forthcoming official history.

The story of the Canadian Protestant chaplains in the war is told in W. T. Steven's book, *In This Sign*. This is a subject on which Colonel Stacey necessarily has had little to say, but Major Steven's chronicle admirably supplies the omission. A competent and interesting account, it traces the development and activities of the Canadian Chaplains' Corps in Canada, in England, and in action. Initial organization, one gathers, was rather impeded by some lack of co-operation and understanding on the part of the fighting forces, but the author describes this phase in tolerant terms; later, he emphasizes the full co-operation achieved between padre and combatant under battlefield conditions. Major Steven, subjecting the military fetish of "church parade" to mild criticism—with

which many veterans will sympathize—contents himself for the most part with recounting the wide variety of services performed, in and out of action, by the army chaplains. Before D-Day, in England, these included partial supervision of sports, the provision of suitable entertainment facilities, help in educational programmes, and of course constant attention to the personal problems of troops stationed in a strange land. In action, the padres' most important duty was the burial of the dead, and the author gives a full account of the organization and operation of this task. Two especially graphic sections of his book concern Hong Kong and Dieppe: excerpts from the diaries of two regimental chaplains are used effectively in the former instance, and an account of the Dieppe operation is combined with a letter from H/Major J. W. Foote, V.C., describing his capture and subsequent life as a prisoner of war in Germany. A personal note is introduced in the author's tributes to chaplains who lost their lives, and by occasional references to individual chaplains deserving special commendation. The book is illustrated with photographs and drawings.

Eleven Men and a Scalpel, by Dr. J. B. Hillsman, records the war experiences of a surgeon in charge of a field surgical unit during the campaign in North-West Europe. These eleven-man groups, designed to deal with battle casualties too severely wounded to be evacuated to safer areas immediately, worked for the most part under the sternest battle conditions, and were often under heavy shellfire. Dr. Hillsman's narrative, apparently rewritten from a diary, makes not much pretence to literary style; but style is not his main concern, and in any case the book is carried along by the author's evident enthusiasm for his work and his quick eye for incident. Probably the most memorable section for the general reader is about the Walcheren landings of November, 1944, an operation carried out successfully despite appalling weather conditions and vicious enemy resistance.

Two regimental histories have appeared, though only one deals with the recent war. *The History of the 2nd Canadian Battalion (East Ontario Regiment)*, by Colonel W. W. Murray, and *Warpath: The Story of the Algonquin Regiment,* by Major G. L. Cassidy, are excellent records of their kind, although they will naturally appeal almost entirely to a limited audience. Certainly all veterans who fought with either unit will want to read these volumes. The Army's policy, instituted soon after the end of hostilities in the later conflict, of making available its records to officers designated by their own formations as regimental historians, has been fully justified in the event: Major Cassidy's book, published just three years after the war's end, is as complete and well documented as Colonel Murray's history, which could only be compiled after nearly thirty years of painstaking personal effort by the author. Since both writers were infantrymen, their descriptions of battle conditions—supported by personal narratives of participating soldiers—are vivid and convincing; for the same reason, readers will detect an occasional evidence of that impa-

tience with which the "fighting troops" sometimes regarded staff decisions. No doubt Colonel Murray's references to faulty equipment are justified; it is comforting to find no such parallels in the later book. Only the weather of North-West Europe, it seems, remained as perverse in 1944 as it had been thirty years before. Both authors, of course, pay tribute to many individual warriors, which is as it should be in works of this kind. Each history is illustrated with photographs and maps; Major Cassidy's book is rendered additionally attractive by a number of pencil drawings by the author, whose talent in reproducing, for example, scenes of action at Falaise and in the Hochwald Forest, equals his considerable literary ability.

A book for young people is *Men of Valour,* by Mabel T. Good. Illustrated by George Pepper, an official Canadian war artist who served with the Second Division, this little volume pays tribute to Canadian heroism in all branches of the armed services. Following an introduction which mentions and explains the significance of various British decorations for bravery, the author selects fifteen individuals and describes their gallantry in action. Mrs. Good's intentions are commendable, and one or two of these sketches are well done—notably those describing Petty Officer Bernays and Corporal Topham—but more often her style is unequal to the task of describing these battle scenes. Such phrases as " 'Rat-tat-tat!' sputtered the enemy gun" are perhaps unlikely to impress a generation inured to Flash Gordon's weapons; nor will many readers in this era credit the book's assurance that, on the Dieppe beach, "one boy quipped (snipping furiously at a tangle of barbed wire the while), 'Just like the fireworks on the good old First of July!' "

The Navy is represented by W. H. Pugsley's *Sailor Remember,* an account of the author's two years on the lower deck of Canadian Navy vessels. This is a curious production. Described on the jacket as a "picture book," its 270 photographs apparently constitute the volume's main reason for being. These show smiling Canadian sailors engaged in all the various activities of naval life—eating, sleeping, swabbing decks, cleaning boilers, on watch, at gun-drill. All—even those undergoing detention—seem unquestionably happy in the service. The text, however, tells a different tale. As the jacket has it, "the author has many trenchant and penetrating observations to make on the Navy." All the pictured merriment, it turns out, is a sham; the rating's life really consists of endless toil and trouble, bad food, too harsh discipline, unfair punishment, inept organization, and, above all, a constant and galling subjection to effete, incapable, or tyrannical officers. That abuses did and still do exist, no sensible reader will deny; but the author's continued tirade, delivered in a tone of shrill petulance, and apparently based almost exclusively on rumour, lower-deck gossip, and hearsay evidence, is hardly convincing. Mr. Pugsley's style, featured by a reckless dropping of final "g's," adds

nothing to the book's literary merit. The author offers us alternative morals to his tale. "If you're really serious about goin' back to the Navy, mate," he sagely observes at one point, "then at least hold out for a commission." Later, however, in mellower mood, he assures us that "bein' a ratin' was such a humanizing experience," a conclusion which his narrative scarcely supports.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

CASSIDY (G. L.), Warpath: the story of the Algonquin Regiment, 1939-1945; photographs by ARNOLD TODD, cartoons by JOHN IRELAND (published under the direction of the Algonquin Regiment Veterans Association; Toronto, Ryerson, xviii, 372 pp., $5.00). GOOD (M. T.), Men of valour; ill. by GEORGE PEPPER (Toronto, Macmillan, xiv, 137 pp., $2.50). HILLSMAN (J. B.), Eleven men and a scalpel (Winnipeg, the author, 627 Medical Arts Bldg.; Columbia Press, 144 pp., $2.50). MURRAY (W. W.), The history of the 2nd Canadian Battalion (East Ontario Regiment), Canadian Expeditionary Force, in the Great War, 1914-1919 (Ottawa, Historical Committee, 2nd Battalion, C.E.F.; Mortimer Ltd., 1947, xx, 408 pp.). PUGSLEY (W. H.), Sailor remember (Toronto, Collins, vi, 185 pp., $3.75). THE REGIMENTAL HISTORY OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S FOOT GUARDS (Ottawa, Historical Committee, c/o the Treasurer, Lieut.-Col. E. Lisle, 59 Finlay Ave., x, 268 pp., ill., maps). STACEY (C. P.), The Canadian Army 1939-1945: an official historical summary; ill. with paintings by Canadian Army war artists; maps drawn by Lieutenant C. C. J. BOND (Ottawa, King's Printer, xix, 354 pp., $2.50). STEVEN (W. T.), In this sign; foreword by Lieutenant-General CHARLES FOULKES (Toronto, Ryerson, xiv, 182 pp., $3.50).

6. *Canada: The Land and the People* C. W. DUNN AND THE EDITOR

Canadian settings offer ample opportunity for those who wish to write local histories, travel books, or memoirs. We now realize that Canada, like the United States, is not a cultural melting-pot but a cultural tapestry. Immigrant cultures have in part survived, in part undergone change, and in part coalesced with neighbouring cultures; and the resultant complex national pattern cannot be comprehended, either by academic analyst or by lay reader, until the individual strands of the tapestry have been adequately described. Fourteen books published in Canada since the *Quarterly*'s previous survey may be mentioned here as contributions to this important task, although not all of these, of course, are important books.

Bruce Hutchison in his revision of *The Unknown Country* has added some new information, chiefly about post-war immigration and politics, to his graceful and original survey of Canada. (Both the blurb and the preface, with a modesty as unaccountable as it is inconvenient, leave the reader to discover these additions by the process of collation with the earlier edition.)

William R. Watson has attempted, with much less success, a similar impressionistic coast-to-coast description of the country in *And All Your Beauty;* but the trailer in which the narrator and his wife travel and the accompanying dog obtrude themselves annoyingly without adding the

piquant humour obviously intended; and the chance acquaintances whose information about the local scene is recorded are incredibly and almost intolerably encyclopaedic. Ernie, for instance, who drives them from Welland to Niagara, relates with unflagging precision the dates of construction of the old Welland Canal and of the new one, its draught, its length, its lift, the number and nature of its locks and their rate of filling, the length of the Niagara River, the size of the upper four Great Lakes in relation to the other bodies of fresh water in the world, the meaning of the Indian name Niagara, the depth of the gorge as compared to Victoria Falls, the width and height of the American Falls and the Horseshoe Falls, the date of the Falls' discovery by the white man, and a joke about honeymooners. Presented thus, information makes but little impact.

Nova Scotia, exceeding the other provinces, is represented by six books. Thomas H. Raddall's *Halifax, Warden of the North,* published opportunely close to the two hundredth anniversary of the city (June 21, 1949), in relating the events of the two centuries not merely exhibits the narrative skill of an experienced novelist but also effects a masterly historical synthesis of the abundant source-material. Characters are deftly realized. Commenting on the death of Joseph Howe, Raddall writes: "In the time to come men boasted if they had passed a word with him or held his horse, women if he had kissed them—and he usually had." But, no matter how strongly the novelist may have been attracted by the glamour of men such as Prince William, Prince Edward (the sons of George III), and Sir John Wentworth, it is the importance of the individual's contribution to municipal or national history which is stressed, not his eccentricity. Likewise, the events selected for narration are significantly related to the development of the city. The notorious V-Day riots, for instance, thus become comprehensible in the light of the previous disorders which had plagued the garrison city. If this book attains the popularity which it deserves, the reviewer hopes that subsequent editions will include an adequate map of Halifax and its environs; the omission is unfortunate and surprising in a work which otherwise is unusually well illustrated.

William C. Borrett, the Managing Director of CHNS, deals with similar and at times identical material in *Historic Halifax,* but his work suffers by comparison, being a collection of random broadcast "tales told under the Old Town Clock." Frank H. Patterson's slim volume, *Acadian Tatamagouche and Fort Franklin,* unfolds a harrowing tale of the local Acadian expulsion as revealed by eye-witness accounts recently published, to which the author adds some topographical information; but he also falls far short of Raddall in historical synthesis and literary finesse.

Cape Breton Island has given rise to two new books, both written by professionals. Neil MacNeil (an editor of the *New York Times*) in *The Highland Heart in Nova Scotia* concentrates on one area, Washabuckt, situated on the Bras d'Or Lakes, a homogeneous fishing and farming com-

munity composed of the Gaelic-speaking, Catholic descendants of some MacNeils and MacLeans who immigrated from the Hebridean island of Barra. The author came to know this community through being consigned at about the age of four to the care of his grandfather by his father, a native Washabuckter occupied in "the Boston States" as a building engineer. Reared on his grandfather's farm and educated in the local school, MacNeil is able to describe the origins, the occupations, entertainments, superstitions, education, and religion of the people with intimacy and an amiable irony. The dedication suggests the dominant tone: "This book is affectionately dedicated to the memory of my Father, who would have liked it; and of my Grandfather—who certainly wouldn't." Finding it impossible to feel superior to characters so individualistic as the vehement grandfather, the reader finds himself sharing the author's sympathetic attitude towards them. An introductory chapter in the same ironic tone summarizing the legendary origins of the MacNeils (accepted, one infers, by many Washabuckters) will seem as entirely acceptable as the other chapters to the reader who agrees with our initial assertion that every Canadian folk-culture deserves to be described in detail. The genealogically minded MacNeils of Washabuckt, we are told, maintain that the ancient MacNeil of Barra declined to sail on Noah's ark because he had a boat of his own. The knowledge of unfamiliar folk-lore of this kind is just as vital to our understanding of people as is, for instance, information about their political or economic history. Our only complaint about the book might be that the author has not provided sufficient detail. Anecdotes could have been vivified by means of more extensive dialogue. The Gaelic folk-songs and folk-tales preserved by oral tradition and the impromptu songs frequently alluded to should have been quoted; even a lame and literal translation of a few memorable passages would be better than nothing.

Arthur Walworth's *Cape Breton: Isle of Romance* contains a narrative of the author's travels around the island, followed by a brief historical summary of its settlement and population, and by tips for sportsmen and tourists. Not sharing Neil MacNeil's intimate acquaintance with the people, Walworth attempts to dramatize a few individuals whom he meets, but the resulting impressions are rarely vivid and tell us too much about the author and too little about the natives. The historical and tourist information is useful but seldom excels that offered by the usual travel brochures. The quality of the illustrations, on the other hand, is at times decidedly superior to the average set in the works reviewed here, noteworthy being the six reproductions from Governor DesBarres's eighteenth-century compilation, *The Atlantic Neptune*.

Andrew Merkel's *Schooner Bluenose* deals with one of Nova Scotia's most famous products. The *Bluenose*'s designer, Bill Roue, was a native Nova Scotian; the schooner's spruce and oak frame, her birch planking, her oak rails and top sides, and her pine decks were native; and her skipper,

Angus Walters, was native. In his record of her career from 1920, when she was planned, to 1946, when she was wrecked off Haiti, Merkel, also a native, describes her activities as a fishing schooner and as a racing champion. W. R. MacAskill completes this all-Nova-Scotian enterprise by a copious contribution of photographs. Merkel's journalistic style, although precise in detail, is scarcely brilliant; but the narrative possesses an inherent fascination that will stir even the dry-land sailor.

Ontario is represented by three works, one written by a skilful professional, and two by amateur native autobiographers.

Bernard Wicksteed, an English journalist, in *Joe Lavally and the Paleface,* describes with quiet and effortless humour an eight-day canoe trip which he made in Algonquin Park in 1945 under the aegis of a memorable half-breed guide now dead. For several reasons, the narrative is most entertaining. The calm dogmatism of Joe Lavally's wood-lore is delightfully fallible. Wicksteed correlated meteorological reports with Joe's sage but inaccurate weather prognostications. Concerning Joe's first-hand observation that porcupines ate the horns shed by moose, he questioned London and Leiden zoologists, who answered, "No." Yet the book, which, as the author says, became "the obituary of a Red Indian," is a kindly obituary. It also provides a convincing portrait of a group of typical young campers who, possessing the strength of boys, grimly attempt to perform the feats of men. And, finally, it conveys something of the restorative effect which the famous Park exercises on the fevered spirit of the city-dweller.

Gavin Hamilton Green, now in his eighties, writes of the pioneer days in Goderich in his book *The Old Log Home and Bygone Days in Our Villages,* and Henrietta McIntosh Goodhand in *Foot Prints: A Memoir* does the same for Zora and Ashfield, Ont., and Cheadle Tank, Alta., and other points west. Both are artless authors. "Anyone can write a book," asserts Green, "by just writing down one word after another." If your book is not printed, "you are an author just the same, . . . and you won't have to swallow the reading public's sugar, vinegar and soft soap." Henrietta Goodhand disarmingly interrupts her narrative at one point to exclaim, "My heart is sinking. I am not 'putting this across.' " The interest of both these records is primarily sociological. Here may be found ample data concerning such matters as rural amusements, religion, and trade, or pioneer methods of building and travel.

The last three books in the present group deal with the West. Grant MacEwan's book *The Sodbusters* describes the individual experiences of over thirty pioneers and the contributions, chiefly agricultural, made by them to the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. MacEwan has written before on agricultural topics and has broadcast some chapters of the present series over the C.B.C., but his style, although often lively, is marred by triteness and abrupt transitions—an unfortunate limitation, since his topic deserves the interest of a wide public in Canada and his records are, for the most part, first-hand.

Dan McCowan, a professional writer, has based his book *Hill-Top Tales* on a sound conception. By narrating the "doings and adventures of many interesting people who have appeared against the magnificent backdrop of the Canadian Rockies," he hopes to show that these mountains during the last century have begun to gain some of that historical richness so long associated with such ranges as the Alps. A few of the narratives are well known, such as that of Paul Kane; others less so. The Earl of Southesk, for instance, travelled through western Canada in 1859 in order to restore his health, relishing the pioneering life, breakfasting on leg of skunk, dining on beaver tail, reading Shakespeare by the light of tallow candles made from mountain sheep, but confiding to his diary, "No custom enables me to sleep as well on the ground as on a good mattress." Those who thoroughly enjoy mountaineering, providing they can read about it in the safety of an arm-chair, may be disappointed that McCowan does not proffer any crampon-by-crampon accounts of famous climbs, such as the volumes of *Appalachia,* for instance, enshrine. The author's real theme is not, however, peaks undiscovered but barriers traversed. This theme may be less romantic than that symbolized by the Alpinist's cry of *Excelsior,* but, as McCowan implies, or rather perhaps, as the recounted facts themselves imply, Canada has been made what it is not by those who climbed but by those who doggedly rode and paddled or, on numerous tedious occasions, walked from sea to sea. (And will the publishers please append a map in subsequent issues of the book for those who are less familiar with the way? The bibliography, although its chapter references need correcting, and index are commendable features.)

Leigh Burpee Robinson's *Esquimalt, "Place of Shoaling Water"* brings together some facts about the early history of Canada's now prominent naval base, but the material is arranged so haphazardly that none but a native could (or would) follow the narrative.

The appearance of so many local-historical sketches is a promising sign of cultural maturity. Canada's most obvious need now, in order to supplement, not replace, the kind of book under discussion, is a series of comprehensive provincial guide-books co-operatively written on the plan of the excellent American W.P.A. guides to the various states. In these, local facts are given meaning and pattern by means of competent introductory chapters which survey the political, economic, and cultural history of the state. The present reviewer knows of no undertaking clamouring more obviously for the attention of Canadian universities. If the universities delay, we may find the national railroads or the national brewers pre-empting the field, and pre-empting it, we may suppose, not very satisfactorily.

In conclusion we join in the universally voiced complaint against the format, and not the content, of Canadian books. Of the fourteen books discussed, eleven employ stock and type more lugubrious than an undertaker might care to choose for the publication of his annual report.

In addition to the fourteen works of regional Canadian history and

description(and the revised edition of Hutchison's *The Unknown Country*) which Mr. Dunn has reviewed in this sub-section, there have appeared two new books of national scope that should be mentioned here: *This New Canada* by Margaret McWilliams and *On being Canadian* by Vincent Massey.

Mrs. McWilliams' book is systematically informative about her subject and unreservedly enthusiastic. The facts are drawn from histories, biographies, social criticism, year-books, and newspapers; but the exposition is enlivened and the assorted material is given some degree of unity by the author's enthusiasm. Her book includes an outline of Canadian history, a description of our "Machinery of National Life" (parliament, provincial legislatures, civil service, judiciary, banks, etc.), statistical graphs, pictures, and, as one sobering feature in a volume radiating optimism, Sections 91 and 92 of the B.N.A. Act, defining the respective fields of authority of parliament and legislature. The main thesis, supported by all this evidence, is that "This New Canada" is a growing power in the world.

Mr. Massey begins with a sense of that fact and goes on to define and explain our national character and situation in 1948. Much of the ground has naturally been gone over before. There are chapters on the forces that work against national unity, on our changing status in the Commonwealth and the world, and on our relations with Great Britain and the United States. One feature that is unusual, and to be expected in a book by Mr. Massey, is the stress on the importance of writers and artists for the interpretation of Canada to her own people and the world—the belief that politicians, economists, and business men are not enough. The principal defect in the book, from the point of view of one reader, is a result of the excellent qualities of moderation and goodwill: although it touches on dozens of problems and contentious issues and indicates opposing positions, there is hardly a judgment or a sentiment which a reasonable person (it seems to me) would want to repudiate—which makes it a most frustrating book for a reviewer to criticize. Yet *On being Canadian* includes some pungent as well as shrewd observations, for example, this about our famous undefended frontier: "It has long been undefended, but realists have observed that the disparity of population has made armaments for one country futile and for the other superfluous."

Two excellent new editions should also be mentioned. A collection of Peter McArthur's reports on life on his Ekfrid farm which appeared in the *Toronto Globe* and were published, as *In Pastures Green,* in 1915 have now been edited and rearranged by K. M. Wells and delightfully illustrated with wood engravings by Lucille Oille. *In Pastures Green* in this edition seems better than ever, a charming and authentic picture of rural Ontario, a Canadian book that will surely survive. The same may be said of the incomparable *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* by Stephen Leacock now reprinted with a whole gallery of portraits of Mariposa worthies —and the *Mariposa Belle*—by Grant Macdonald. One might perhaps ask

whether Leacock's sketches are more true to life or to art—but who cares? They are great fun, and it is a satisfaction to have them available in a new and handsome edition.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

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7. *Remaining Books* — THE EDITOR

One notable volume on education appears on this year's list, *The Function of the University* by the Reverend R. S. K. Seeley, Provost of Trinity College, Toronto. It is composed of six lectures delivered at the Hazen Conference in the summer of 1947, and some of the informality of the occasion is pleasantly retained in this brief but stimulating book. The discussion centres on "The Nature of a University," "The Vocational Aspect of University Teaching," the university's responsibility for the cultural and moral development of its members, student self-government, and "The Relation of the University to the Community." Dr. Seeley looks at these questions from the point of view of a graduate of one of the ancient English universities and the head of a comparatively small residential church college, but he is strongly aware of the dilemma which confronts all our colleges and universities in varying degrees. Briefly, how can a university be true to the ideals which it should represent when it may depend for its very life on governments sensitive to every popular pressure, is usually handed over to the ultimate control of business men with their alien

code of values, and is crowded with too many young people without intellectual curiosity who have come to the university for economic and social reasons "from homes where books are a rarity and conversation seldom reaches an abstract level" and where the cultural standards are generally fixed by the movie, the radio, and the newspaper? The ideal of a university is sketched here, and our present situation; it will take more than reform within the universities to bring the ideal closer to realization.

Three more volumes prepared for the Canadian Youth Commission appeared in 1948: *Youth Speaks out on Citizenship, Youth, Marriage and the Family,* and *Youth Speaks Its Mind*—the latter book, written by Blodwen Davies, being a general exposition and summary of the findings of the commission which were reported in the earlier eight volumes, including the other two listed above. The commission began its investigations in 1943, "to study the main problems of young people from fifteen to twenty-four years of age; to draft reports and recommendations on these studies; to promote acceptance of these recommendations by governments and private agencies having responsibility in these fields." Needless to say the problems of youth turned out to be impossible to isolate from the problems of society in general. So the report includes observations on the changing character of the family, employment and wages, education, public health, housing, the use of leisure, and the influence of religion and the church upon youth and the rest of society. The result is a very extensive and important sociological study designed not merely for the specialist but for everyone interested in the prospects of our society.

Life is for Living by D. Ewen Cameron, Professor of Psychiatry at McGill University, is also addressed to the common reader and is meant to educate after a fashion—to deliver us from the bondage of old-fashioned morality and ideas of "good" and "bad" into the glorious liberty of the children of Freud. No doubt Dr. Cameron has the best intentions and would like to make us all more contented than we are, but his book is terribly frightening to the inexperienced in the new scientific morality. Man free from all belief in anything higher than his ordinary self, man triumphantly liberated from moral sanctions so easily becomes the appalling monster who can operate Auschwitz and Buchenwald without a sense of guilt and who can contemplate Hiroshima without horror.

The next review, of *Half-Hours with Great Scientists: The Story of Physics* by Charles G. Fraser, has been contributed by Dr. A. Vibert Douglas.

"In this weighty tome—2.3 pounds avoirdupois—the author has assembled a vast aggregation of facts both physical and historical, definitions, descriptions, quotations, comments, ranging over the development of physics from the Stone Age to the mid-twentieth century, and he has illustrated it with 342 diagrams and photographs. Before attempting such a task an author must select one of several possible schemes. Here the choice is to follow chronological sequence under five main divisions—

mechanics, acoustics, optics, thermics, electricity and magnetism—with twenty-four sub-divisions. The result necessitates continual reference to the fourteen-page index to find the subsequent or prior related facts. This reviewer was attracted by the illustration of the aurora and the brief reference on page 365, and in the index found three other references which result in the suggestion that "Northern Lights are electrical discharges high in the atmosphere. . . ." A reader might infer that nothing more definite is known. A passing reference to the atomic bomb on page 501 is wrongly indexed.

"Much of the writing is undistinguished, and at times it is irritating—as when we read on page 142 that Newton told his tutor, Barrow, that he did not think Euclid "was any great shakes." Indeed this section on Newton contains much that is trivial where there is so rich a storehouse to choose from. Yet everyone interested in physics will find a vast amount of little-known material in this encyclopaedic compilation and all who use it for this purpose will be indebted to its author."

One Thing after Another by C. B. Pyper is a volume of nearly a hundred essays, sketches, poems, and other entertaining oddments, all but one originally published in the *Winnipeg Tribune*. The variety of types makes this book much more pleasant for continuous reading than most volumes that are put together in this way, and besides Mr. Pyper is a graceful writer with a sense of humour. There are observations on such matters as "Letter-Writing," "Women and Humor," "The Hardy Golfer," "Shaw and Shakespeare," and "The Cow's Past" (a wild, harassed, prehistoric existence before she grew a second stomach and began taking things easy and chewing her cud).

In conclusion I would just mention two new periodical publications initiated by university students: *Here and Now,* which had its beginning in University College, Toronto, and *Creative Campus,* published by the University of Manitoba Students' Union. Both are of the type that used to appear as "little magazines," though the fashion in size has changed; both contain fiction, poetry, critical essays, reviews, and a section for the pictorial arts; and both, but particularly *Here and Now,* show an admirable concern for the appearance of the printed page and the general format of the magazine.

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(Ottawa, King's Printer, 1947, 161 pp., 25c.). CANADIAN YOUTH COMMISSION, Youth, marriage and the family (xvi, 234 pp., $2.00); Youth speaks its mind, by BLODWEN DAVIES (viii, 232 pp., $2.50); Youth speaks out on citizenship (x, 173 pp., $2.00) (Toronto, Ryerson). CARVER (HUMPHREY), Houses for Canadians (Toronto, University of Toronto Press—Saunders, xiv, 156 pp., $2.50). CHAPIN (MIRIAM), How people talk; with decorations by ROBERT LA PALME (New York, John Day; Toronto, Longmans Green, 155 pp., $2.50). EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA, TORONTO, Addresses delivered to the members during the year 1946-47, forty-fourth year of issue (Toronto, the Club, 14 Elm St., 1947, ix, 386 pp.). FORSEY (EUGENE) ed., Canada in a new world: addresses given at the Canadian Institute on Public Affairs, 1947 (Toronto, Ryerson, 75 pp., $1.00). FRASER (C. G.), Half-hours with great scientists: the story of physics (Toronto, University of Toronto Press—Saunders; New York, Reinhold, xx, 527 pp., $6.00). HARVEY (JEAN CHARLES), The weapons of falsehood (Montreal, the author, 4371, avenue Draper, 1947, 32 pp., 10c.). INNIS (H. A.), Great Britain, the United States and Canada (Cust Foundation lecture; Nottingham, Eng., University of Nottingham, 24 pp.). MCGILL UNIVERSITY, Annual report, 1947-48 (Montreal, the University, 148 pp.). MORSE (W. I.) ed., The Canadian collection at Harvard University (Bulletin VI; Cambridge, Mass., Harvard University Printing Office, 1948-1949, 110 pp., plates). NORTH PACIFIC PLANNING PROJECT, Canada's new Northwest: a study of the present and future development of Mackenzie District of the Northwest Territories, Yukon Territory, and the northern parts of Alberta and British Columbia (Ottawa, King's Printer, 155 pp., maps). PYPER (C. P.), One thing after another; with decorations by NANCY PYPER (Toronto, Dent, x, 262 pp., $3.50). QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, Principal's report, 1947-48 (Kingston, Ont., the University, 140 pp.). SANGHA (D. S.), Rise of the new Asia (Toronto, Progress Books, x, 260 pp., $3.00). SCOTT (H. G.), From storm to storm (Vancouver, Sun Publishing Co., 1947, 242 pp., ill., $3.00). *SEALOCK (R. B.) and *SEELY (P. A.), Bibliography of place name literature, United States, Canada, Alaska and Newfoundland (Chicago, American Library Association, 331 pp., $4.50). SEELEY (R. S. K.), The function of the university (London, Toronto, New York, Oxford, x, 79 pp., 90c. paper, $1.25 cloth). SOWARD (F. H.) and MACAULAY (A. M.), Canada and the Pan American system (Contemporary affairs series; Toronto, Ryerson for the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, viii, 47 pp., 60c.). STRANGE (W.) and COLTER (H. M.), Beyond our gates—the sea (Toronto, Navy League of Canada, 1947, 32 pp.). TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARIES, The Canadian catalogue of books published in Canada, about Canada, as well as those written by Canadians, with imprint of 1947; no. 26, compiled by DONALDA PUTNAM and ELDRED FULTON (published as supplement to *Ontario Library Review* by Inspector of Public Libraries for Ontario; Toronto, King's Printer, 60 pp.); Reading in Toronto 1947: being the sixty-fourth annual report of the Toronto Public Library Board for the year 1947 (Toronto, Ryerson, 54 pp.). TURNER (A. W.), Canadian investors' handbook (Toronto, Printers Guild, x, 180, xxiv pp.). UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, President's report for the year ending June 1948 (Toronto, the University, vi, 174 pp.).

NEW PERIODICALS. CANADIANA (Autumn, 1948); quarterly; publisher, WILLIAM MACNAB BOX; editor, HILDA M. RIDLEY; Box 155, Foleyet, Ont. CANADIAN INDEX: a guide to Canadian periodicals (January, 1948); monthly; editor, DOROTHY B. CHATWIN; Canadian Library Association, Room 46, 46 Elgin St., Ottawa; $10.00 a year. EXTERNAL AFFAIRS: a monthly bulletin of the Department of External Affairs, Ottawa (November, 1948); in English and in French. HERE AND NOW: a Canadian quarterly magazine of literature and art (December, 1947); editor, CATHERINE HARMON; managing editor, PAUL ARTHUR; editorial offices, 72 Grenville St., Toronto; publisher, Collins; $5.00 a year. SASKATCHEWAN HISTORY (January, 1948); three times a year; editor-in-chief, HILDA NEATBY; published under the auspices of the Saskatchewan Archives Board; business manager, MARION W. HAGERMAN, Box 100, University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon; $1.00 a year.

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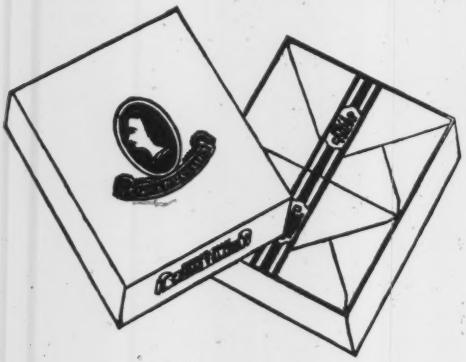

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The Values of Life

BY E. J. URWICK

Edited with an Introductory Essay by John A. Irving.

THE late Professor E. J. Urwick was Head of the Department of Political Economy, and Acting Director of the School of Social Work in the University of Toronto from 1927 to 1937. During his residence of over twenty years in Canada he was widely known and influential in educational and social welfare circles. Although not a technical study in the field of value theory, this delightful volume of essays contains the mature reflections of a distinguished social scientist and social philosopher on man's ends and ideals. As such it will have a wide appeal to educators, social workers, and religious and political leaders. The book is beautifully written in Professor Urwick's customary clear and gracious style.

In the first three chapters, Professor Urwick considers the goals of our activities, the ends of our endeavours, the goods which we hold to be desirable, and the values which we want to make our own. He tries to discover satisfying reasons why many of the things we might try to do, or get, or be, are supremely worthwhile. In the essays which follow he takes a few of the supreme values of life, such as beauty and truth and love, and emphasizes the very practical significance they possess both for the individual life and for any society which desires to live well. He also examines some of the popular but doubtful values, such as wealth and success, in order to emphasize the distinction between the ideals which, because they are real, can never disappoint us, and the apparent realities which, because they are transitory, can never really satisfy us.

The book concludes with two penetrating essays on "Capitalism and Value" and "Labour and Value," in which Professor Urwick discusses the relevance of the values of life to the contemporary debate between Capitalists and Socialists.

In an Introductory Essay, Professor John A. Irving, of Victoria College in the University of Toronto, writes of Mr. Urwick's life in England and Canada, and gives an analysis of his contribution to social philosophy in his previous books and articles.

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